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E. J. H.

THE
CONSPIRATORS,
OR THE
ROMANCE
OF
MILITARY LIFE.

BY
EDWARD QUILLINAN.

*Married Wordsworth's daughter Dorothy
(Dora)*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO
ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., L.L.D.,
&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR SIR,

Several years ago, a passage in your History of the Spanish War excited my curiosity about the Philadelphian Conspiracy in Napoleon's Armies, and directed me to the French work to which I am indebted, in the Supplement to the two following stories, for most of the details relating to it, and for much of the account of the remarkable person whose mind was the main-spring of its curious machinery.

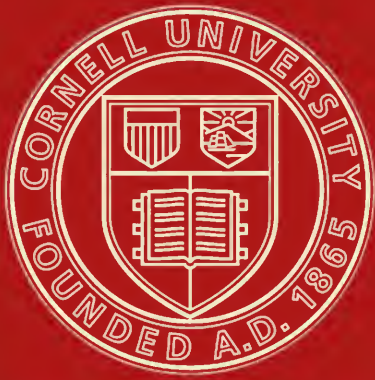
While making this acknowledgment, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of inscribing these Philadelphian Narratives to you; and of thus showing, even by ever so slight a token, that I am one of those who rejoice to honour learning, genius, and virtue.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Your's most sincerely,

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

Canterbury, May 13, 1839.



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THE
SISTERS OF THE DOURO.

A Story of Portugal.

Poor Portugal,
In us thou harbouredst no ungrateful guests!
We loved thee well; mother magnanimous
Of mighty intellects and faithful hearts, . . .
For such in other times thou wert, nor yet
To be despaired of.

SOUTHEY.

PREFATORY NOTE.

1809.

March 20. Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, commanding the 2nd corps of the French army in the Peninsula, won the battle of Braga over the Portuguese.

.....29. He took Oporto from them.

..... The Portuguese General Silveira retook Chaves from the French.

April 22. Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon from England.

May 12. He drove Soult out of Oporto, and in a few days, having cut off his intended retreat eastward to Salamanca, pushed him to the north, through a most difficult country, into Galicia.

THE
SISTERS OF THE DOURO.

CHAPTER I.

“Bill-stickers, beware!”

THE bells of Oporto, seldom quiet, were all night in much more than their customary agitation. From every church and convent-belfry in the town the clamour was indefatigable; and the churches were filled with women and children, who were imploring the Virgin and saints to be their guardians. Soldiers and civilians, armed friars and half-armed peasants, crowded the streets in all the confusion of excitement without plan. An equinoctial gale was blowing in their teeth;

the night was black ; and peals of thunder occasionally rattled and echoed against the walls and rocks of the hill-built city and its craggy suburbs ; and sometimes, when a furious gust of wind came rushing along, the cry of “ They are coming ! ” would be raised, and volleys of musquetry and an aimless discharge of artillery would flash and roar upon the night, as vividly as the lightning and louder than the thunder, showing that Man in his fear can be more noisy than Nature in her rage.

What was all this hubbub of the people in Oporto ? It was the effect of consternation produced by the arrival of the French before their walls, and a consciousness that all their defiances, all their crude projects of defence, all their long line of entrenchments, all the boasts and promises of their bishop and his intriguers, would avail them nothing against Napoleon’s arms, now that the hour of trial was at hand. It was the night of the 28th of March, 1809, the eve of the storming and capture of Oporto, by a part of the second corps of the French army under the Duke of Dalmatia. It was not therefore without cause

that they were alarmed ; though all that clatter and waste of ammunition were useless, for the French were now quiet on their posts, and had no intention of molesting them for some hours.

The tempest passed off with the darkness, and the day broke calmly and brightly. Then it was, when Nature was in her gentler mood, that the foe became fierce, and that the real time of peril had arrived for Oporto and its tens of thousands. The bray of trumpets, and the roll of drums, and the lustre of arms, announced the enemy's advance at daybreak : long before the day was over, the city, with all its suburbs and its diffuse works, was in their power ; the river was red with the blood of thousands of both sexes and of all ages, victims to the ferocity of the conquerors, or trampled down and crushed by their co-fugitives ; the streets and squares were covered with dead and dying ; and, when darkness again spread over the devoted city, the real horrors of that night far exceeded the visionary ones of the preceding. Imagination had not prefigured what a hell that city could be made by an infuriated rabble of brigand soldiers. For three days and nights it

was given up to plunder. Yet the French commander has been praised for his humanity ; so was Titus, the crucifier of the Jews, even by a Jewish historian : all successful injustice and cruelty have their apologists. But the French marshal's triumph was of short duration.

It was at a late hour on the first of those three dreadful nights that Colonel Champlemonde, an officer on the staff of Marshal Soult, was proceeding from the Caranca palace, his general's quarters, to his own, the Casa de Bandeirinha, near the nunnery of Monchique. Both houses are in the upper town, and at no great distance from each other. The French colonel's attention was suddenly roused by piercing cries of " Help in the king's name ! " and the report of a musket from a lone house near the Criminals' Burying-Ground. The door was open : he darted up stairs into an open apartment, where, by the light of a solitary lamp that stood in a niche under an image of the Blessed Virgin, he perceived a young Portuguese lady, struggling to extricate herself from the grasp of a French soldier. An old female servant lay dead on the floor : the ruffian

had shot her, to silence her outcries ; he had thrown aside his musket, and had just seized the intended victim of his more brutal fury, when Colonel Champlemonde sprung forward, and in a loud voice commanded him to desist. The man looked round, and stared for a moment at his officer, not with any intimation of submission, but with the look of a demon resolute of purpose. Before the colonel could draw his sword, he snatched up his firelock, but had not time to bring it into a proper position to enable him to use the bayonet against his officer, when the latter closed with him, and held him so strictly in his arms, that he dropped the musket, and exerted all his strength to release himself. Both were young and vigorous men, and the contest was for a while doubtful ; but the colonel's scabbard, becoming displaced, caused him to stumble, and the wrestlers went down together, the soldier uppermost. Taking instant advantage of his position, the soldier planted one knee upon his adversary, freed one of his hands, extended his arm for the musket, detached the bayonet, and was about to use it with a good will that must have been fatal to the

officer, when a severe wound under his lifted arm made him relax his hold, and turn with a furious oath upon some new assailant. It was the Portuguese lady ! She had watched this unseemly strife with all the agony of hope and terror ; till, seeing the critical peril of her champion, she had disengaged his sword from the sheath, and urged it without a moment's deliberation into the soldier's side.

Colonel Champlemonde quickly rose, half-smothered, from his humiliating posture, and stamped and puffed about the room with rage and vexation. But a few moments recalled his manlier feelings, and he hastened to offer his services to the lady. She looked at the prostrate soldier, who was writhing in his blood ; then raised her eyes to heaven, and clasped her hands in anguish.

“ Reassure yourself,” said the colonel, “ the fellow is not mortally hurt ; it would be pity if he were, for it would defraud the gallows. I will send to have him removed, and the provost-marshal's men shall dispose of him to-morrow on a tree.”

The colonel hurried her from the house, and lost no time in conducting her to his own quarters, the Casa de Bandeirinha already mentioned. This house is enclosed on three sides by a high wall, and there were centinels at the gates, besides which there was in the court a lodge, which had been converted into a guard-house. Here, therefore, she was perhaps in safety; but, after half an hour's repose had in some degree restored her to reflection, she could by no means reconcile herself to so equivocal a situation. She entreated the French colonel to conduct her to the nearest nunnery: but he represented the impossibility of obtaining admittance for her at that late hour, and the danger to which she would be exposed, even under his escort, while in dubious search of such an asylum; for many of the convents were deserted, and some of them already occupied by French soldiers. It was clear that she must remain where she was till the morrow, and to this alternative she submitted, longing for the morning.

She informed the French colonel that she was a daughter of a gentleman of the Upper Douro, Senhor Diogo Coêlho, (which, translated into

English, would be Mr. James Rabbit) who would be grateful for the honourable treatment which, she was confident, she should continue to receive from him. She had been for some weeks at Oporto, on a visit to a relative, who resided in the Praça das Virtudes. For several hours after the capture of the city, their door had not been attempted; and they were encouraging faint hopes of safety, when ten or twelve French soldiers burst into the house. Favoured by the obscurity and confusion, her relative and herself, accompanied by one woman servant, made their escape. They knew not whither to direct their steps: presently they were pursued by a soldier; in the hurry of their flight they lost their relation; the soldier was at their heels. Observing a door unclosed and a light glimmering, they sought refuge in that house, but it had already been visited by plunderers; not a human being was there to assist them. They rushed up the staircase; and what followed the colonel already knew.

Colonel Champlemonde, who had recovered his self-complacency, was all smiles, sympathy,

gesture, admiration, and condolence. He was a brave and handsome man ; he spoke Portuguese like a native ; and his gallant bearing was not lost upon the interesting dark-eyed maiden in whose behalf he had struggled so stoutly, and in whose cause he would have perished but for her own prompt intervention. Refreshment having been procured, he left her in the safest apartment in the house, promising that he would himself, with another centinel, keep guard in the only passage that led to it. On this assurance, having locked her door and barricaded it with table and chairs, she sought such rest as a hard sofa and the tumult of her mind might permit to her weary limbs.

Slumber was but just stealing over her half-conscious senses, when she was roused by the *reveillée* of the French bugles. It was daylight. She lost no time in claiming Colonel Champlemonde's promise to bestow her in more suitable quarters, which was effected with little delay, though not without much reluctance on the part of the colonel, who went down with her to the neighbouring convent of Monchique, where she

was hospitably received, and where she had the gratification to find the relative from whom she had been separated on the previous night, as well as several other ladies of her acquaintance. The colonel often visited her at the grate: but in this sanctuary we must leave her.

It was not till an hour or two after daybreak that Colonel Champlemonde ordered search to be made for the wounded soldier, the ruffian hero of the preceding night's adventure. He was not in the house; if dead, he had probably been buried; if alive, it was likely that he had been carried to the hospital. A pressure of other duties and engagements prevented the French colonel from following up the inquiry in person, but he commanded a sergeant of the regiment to which, from his uniform, he supposed him to belong, to make a strict examination of his men in hospital, and to discover the rascal, if possible. It might perhaps have been possible, had there been no disposition among the soldiers and sub-officers to screen the delinquent. The result, however, was a report that he was not to be found.

In a few days, something like military discipline was restored among the French soldiery. The commander-in-chief's proclamations had induced many of the fugitive inhabitants to return to the city : Marshal Soult received some complimentary addresses, and many private assurances of the respect, and even attachment, of traitorous fidalgos, and others of the anti-Braganza party who were in favour of the French : and he was already dreaming of becoming King of Northern Lusitania ! To win the hearts of the simple and credulous among his intended subjects, he became conspicuously devout too, after the laudable example of his master when in Egypt, though the process of his self-sanctification was not quite so violent ; for the stern marshal had not, like Napoleon, to proclaim himself a Mussulman, but only to appear an ultra-worthy disciple of the Catholic church. He attended sermons and processions, kissed relics, prostrated himself duly in the streets whenever the bell announced the passing sacrament, and even rode, followed by all his staff, with a pomp of holiness worthy of St. Louis in

Syria, to the village of Matozinhas, on the anniversary of St. Nicodemus. Arrived there, he dismounted at the gate of the area in which stands the church of Nossa Senhora das Bouças, and made the genuflective circuit outside the church, and then, entering, approached the altar, and cast himself in edifying reverence on his knees, under the miraculous wooden image of our Saviour, which was sculptured by St. Nicodemus in Palestine, and cast ashore at Leça. His devout staff followed their chief's example with a wonderful power of face, and thousands of Portuguese witnesses opened their visual orbs to their utmost expansion, as if in implicit delight at so unquestionable a proof of the miraculous influence of the wooden statue, and of the odour of sanctity with which the hearts of the French chief and his officers were penetrated.

But, while Soult was trying to smooth his way to a throne, there were spirits at work in his own army who were meditating the dethronement even of his master, and he was in danger of having his baton wrested out of one hand at the moment that the other hand was clutching at a

sceptre. An extensive conspiracy, with a hundred ramifications, pervaded the French army, and the conspirators, under the title of Philadelphians, were especially active in the second corps of the grand army. The Duke of Dalmatia's peril was the greater, because he was utterly unsuspecting of the existence of any such combination against Napoleon's authority or his own. One startling hint he did receive, but its effect was momentary, and he relapsed into inattention. It was thus : true to the policy of his master, it was his system to pervert, modify, exaggerate, or suppress, facts, according to the expediency of the case : therefore, while all the rest of Europe was speculating on the German war against France, the French army in Portugal, and the northern Portuguese themselves, were not aware that such a war had been declared, much less that it was in active operation.

A proclamation, however, with an intercepted despatch from Kellerman to Soult, a document discouraging to the French, had been published by Beresford ; and a copy of it was one morning found affixed at the very hall-door of Soult's

quarters. An investigation was set on foot, and a sub-officer informed the marshal that he would produce a man who had seen the obnoxious proclamation posted, and who knew the offender; but, one condition was attached to the disclosure: that the individual making it should be absolved from punishment for any irregularity of which he might have been previously guilty, and that he should be protected against the resentment of the person whom he had to accuse.

The terms were granted; the man came forward and denounced Colonel Champlemonde, to the extreme astonishment of the marshal and of many others. The colonel was confronted with his accuser, in whom he at once recognised the assassin-soldier from whom he had rescued the Portuguese lady, though the man's features were now somewhat altered by the absence of moustache and whisker. The colonel related some of the circumstances: they were sturdily denied by the man, who as obstinately persisted in declaring that he had that morning, just before daybreak, being on guard at the palace, seen Colonel Champlemonde in the act of affixing the procla-

mation. On being asked why he had not then interposed, his answer was, that, knowing the colonel to be an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Dalmatia, he could not at the moment suspect the character of the paper, nor call in question the authority for placing it there.

Colonel Champlemonde acknowledged that he had that morning put up a printed paper at Marshal Soult's door; but it was, he averred, one of the marshal's conciliatory addresses to the natives, and he treated the charge with contemptuous indignation. He did not choose to produce the lady, or perhaps she had already returned to her friends in the country; but yet he had a witness, while his accuser had none; for the grenadier who had relieved the latter as sentry at the marshal's gate, *after* daybreak, stated that he had seen the colonel post a proclamation, that he had read it, and that it was, as the colonel had stated, that address from his chief to the natives, which called upon them to confide in the French, and fear nothing, and which was still on the wall. The accuser said that he could not contradict that circumstance, and knew no-

thing about it, but that, true or false, it did not at all weaken his deposition to the fact of Colonel Champlemonde having posted the other proclamation *before* sun-rise; that there had been light enough even then to make it impossible that he could mistake the colonel or the Beresford notice that he had put up on the side of the gateway opposite to that on which Marshal Soult's appeared. Besides, had he not been quite sure of the individual, he would of course have challenged him, as would have been his duty. The marshal, however, utterly disbelieved the fellow, and was inclined to treat him with severity; but the man reminded him of his solemn promise of protection, and was accordingly sent away with a detachment that was about to set off with despatches for Marshal Ney, in Galicia. The ruffian's name was Pierre Duval.

Marshal Soult thought no more of this incident, and continued to prepare his ladder to a throne. — One glorious morning, it was the 9th of May, he had held a levee, which was splendidly attended, not only by the officers under his command, but by Portuguese nobles, decorated

fidalgos, and dignified priests and fradres, some of whom smiled while they would have killed. Bands of military music assisted at this pageant, which was the prelude, as he hoped, to the more stately ceremony of *beijo de mão*, when he should extend his kingly right hand to be touched by the lips of kneeling subjects.

He had just executed the last smile to the last sycophant, and was reposing on his laurels in a boudoir adjoining the *Sala de respeito*, when he was roused from a reverie of royalty by the announcement of General Le Febre. Somewhat impatient of the intrusion, the marshal received him fretfully, but the visit was quickly understood to be of no trivial nature. Colonel D'Argenton, one of the most active of the conspirators, had mistaken General Le Febre for a friend to the Philadelphian projects, because he knew that he had no love for the emperor, and he had rashly made overtures which the general lost no time in reporting to his chief, in his blunt manner, and with his strong, racy, German accent.

Soult now first felt, with a shock of profound

amazement, the quaking ground on which he stood. D'Argenton and others were arrested. It was ascertained that the evil was vast, but it was found impossible to strip it of the mystery in which it was involved by the fidelity of the arrested to their confederates. Colonel Champlemonde, notwithstanding the affair of the proclamation, was not one of the suspected: he continued to enjoy the favour and confidence of his commander, and was even entrusted, a day or two afterwards, with an important mission to General Loison, at Amarante.

The Duke of Dalmatia, thus certain of his danger, but uncertain who were his foes in French uniforms, was "perplexed in the extreme." This was not all: he was perhaps the ablest of all Napoleon's generals, yet his own ambition and the ill agency of the disaffected seem to have blinded him at this time to the true bearings of his position. Wellesley was within hail of his outposts, yet he credited the reports that assured him he was at a distance. Even when he thought his approach probable, he stood, telescope in hand, leaning against the stone balustrade that

fences the ^elodge of the flat roof of the Caranca palace, and from that lofty station watched the bar and the sea, in hourly expectation of seeing the English transport-ships.

When it was reported to him that the British were crossing the river, above the city, on his left as he stood, he turned an almost deaf ear to the warning, and continued to look to the sea on the right, readily contented with a vague assurance from some officer, perhaps a Philadelphian, that there was no foundation for the rumour. It was, however, true enough. While the French duke was thus gazing at the sea from that commanding eminence on the right bank of the river, another glance, as keen as his, was better directed from the left bank. The English commander, not yet a duke, was watching with strong but subdued delight the success of his bold enterprise from the height of the ~~Monastery~~ Monastery of the Serra, a building which was long after to become, in ruins, a noble monument of successful Portuguese valour.

Before night the Duke of Dalmatia and his army were in full retreat for the north, and the

gladdened city of Oporto had opened its arms to its deliverers.

Soult's short dream of royalty was thus over ; and he found himself encompassed by doubts and difficulties of no ordinary magnitude. Surprised into a precipitate retreat, forced to take a most arduous course through a wild unknown district, the British in pursuit, Silveira in his front, Wilson and other leaders of partizans on his right, the sea and the red-cross flag of England on his left, guerilla in every direction, hostile peasantry behind every field-wall, and, worst of all, his own troops discontented, many audibly murmuring, and many, more dangerous because unheard and undistinguished, plotting to undo him, and perplexing his arrangements with pestilent activity. But here the stern and prompt resolution of the great soldier bore him through ; and a more masterly, though miserable, retreat, has seldom been conducted. He spiked his guns, sacrificed the military chest and baggage (Sir John Moore was avenged), and, directed by a Spanish smuggler, led his army over the rude heights, called the Serra de Santa Catalina, to Guima-

raens, where he met with the division of General Loison, whose strange abandonment of Amarante had forced Soult to this northern course. The division of the intrepid Borges also joined him here. Their guns, too, baggage, and ammunition, he destroyed, and again turned to the mountains, and worked his way through storm and rain, day and night, till he came to Salamondi, a village standing high, though sheltered, on the Serra de Vieyra.

From this place the road he took is at first partly cut through sand-stone, which banks it on both sides. It then opens out, over a space purple with heather, and green with ilex and fern (arborescent heather and tall fern), and gum-cistus. Here is an open view, for some distance, all round, with, here and there, steep and deep ravines and gullies — some of these pits filled with woods of ilex. Then the road becomes steeply tortuous down towards the Cávado, that flows between this serra and the grander and more rugged Serra de Geréz: the way thus drops crookedly through wilds of tall heath, intermingled with dwarf oak, in some places going

sheer down, as if much ploughed by torrents. Presently, the bridge of Ponte Nova, the Saltador, is seen deep below, through a grove of olive-trees, that stand among lofty and luxuriant fern. The Rio de Ruivaens, that runs under the Saltador, or Ponte Nova, is, in dry weather, a mere shallow, brawling brook, tumbling along over a channel of smooth stones, and between large blocks of grey and white granite, the upper parts of which are tinged with lichens. The views from its borders, up from both sides, have a wild richness: on the left are castle-like crags, of which the foreground are hills and slopes, verdant with ilex, and rough with stones and gorse: on the right are rude hills, where oaks grow among smooth stones and rugged rocks. The banks of this torrent-stream, the Rio de Ruivaens, which joins the Cávado a little below the Ponte Nova, are margined with yellow-flowering broom, ever-green oak, heather, gum-cistus, and other plants; the water is white and transparent, and a mere plaything for an angler. But how different was it on that dismal night of storm and rain, when

Soult and his thousands were hurrying over it, while the floods were out, and “the angry spirit of the water shrieked,” and English cannon was thundering upon them, and ploughing into their serried masses ! It was in truth but a single piece of ordnance that was brought to bear upon them, but the echoes and the night gave it the voice of twenty.

The bridge Ponte Nova is of one arch, and of solid stone ; the arch is by no means lofty, and there is nothing in its appearance to account for its name of Saltador, the Leaper ; so it is no wonder that some historians of the Peninsular War have made a mistake in transferring this name to another bridge, the Miserella, to which we shall come presently.

Having passed along the left bank of the Rio de Ruivaens, up stream, the traveller, who follows the route by which the French retreated, crosses the bridge, turns sharp to the left, down stream, on the right bank, and then the road, leaving this stream, winds off to the right, up the left bank of the Cávado. Here the road is good and level, of fair white sandstone, and its

breadth may vary from four to six feet ; it leads through a grove of oaks and old chestnuts, then over a stone causeway and little bridge that spans a winter torrent course, dry in summer. Wherever it winds to the left, the rocky mountains of the opposite side of the river, the right bank of the Cávado, face the traveller closely ; while, when it winds to the right, he is always greeted by the richer mountains of the left bank, on whose side he rides ; so the road curves in and out, now along a level, now down a steep slope, then again through a grove of chestnuts, and again over a torrent-course, bridged with rough stones, and shortly afterwards, another where the road roughens ; the herbage of the hills now becomes more scanty, till on the left (right bank of the river) is a picturesque waterfall, whose accompaniments are both striking and pleasing, for, above the rocky chasm, from which it flows, is a brave embattled crag, so exactly like a fortress, that the delusion is complete for an instant ; that water tumbles through, and, as it were, into, a little steep wood, behind which it is lost, and on the lower skirt of this wood (on its left

proper) hang some fresh little pastures. A few paces beyond, the valley expands, the verdure becomes richer, olive trees, oaks supporting vines, and even fields of maize, appear, in gay relief to the severe serra behind them.

Here, leaving the Cávado, and turning to the right, up the left bank of the Rio de Venda Nova, another stream tributary to that river, the traveller goes through the village of Os Fradres do Pinheiro (where stands, not a pine, but a single chestnut tree of grand girth), up and down a winding, narrow, and rough road, which twists through masses of great rocks, till he reaches the lofty bridge of Miserella, where one tall arch does indeed leap boldly across the roaring water, and might, therefore, well be mistaken for the Sal-tador. The power of this mountain stream, or rather torrent, when swollen, is attested by the enormous piles of granite, through which it has worn and drilled holes and cavities, and among which, even in summer, it foams and rattles with fierce impatience. The view up and down it, and on every side, from the bridge of Miserella, is rocky and savage, but not without the grace

of evergreen oaks and cork trees, that do not at all detract from the wildness of the scene. This wild country is so little known, except to the Almocreves, the mule-drivers, of Montealégre, Chaves, and the Spanish frontier, that the minuteness and, perhaps, tediousness of this description may, on that account, be excused, as well as for the sake of the historical interest that attaches to these "passes of peril," since that fearful night when Soult and his battalions crushed through them in their escape to Galicia, so soon after their ruthless triumph at Oporto.

Of the number of those who fell, severely wounded, was Colonel Champlemonde, who had been sent back by Marshal Soult with orders to the rear, when most of the army had passed the bridges. It was night when a shot struck him down into a hollow among the rocks, near the Ponte Nova. The cold air stanchd his wound, and the darkness screened him from the notice of the peasants, who were prowling about to stab and spoil. Thus he lay till daybreak, when, looking about him, he perceived on the

ground, at a few yards from him, a dead Portuguese officer of militia. He had strength enough to crawl towards him, and, after ridding himself of his own uniform, he assumed that of the Portuguese as his only chance of escaping death by torture at the hands of the peasantry. His exhaustion did not enable him to withdraw to any great distance, and he remained among the dead and dying, to abide his lot, whatever it might be. As no such officer was named among the prisoners, and as the French return of killed included him among the slain, there could be little doubt that he either died of his wound, or that he fell a victim to Portuguese revenge, excited by the atrocious cruelty of his own countrymen. Among the many disasters of that night, the French marshal was not insensible to the loss of so enterprising an officer of his personal staff.

How would the dark-eyed Lusian girl, whom he had rescued at Oporto, have deplored him, could she have known the fate of her deliverer ! It has been already intimated that this young lady had returned to her parents before the French retired from Oporto. But the night of her me-

morale adventure in that city had been doubly fatal to her peace of mind : she shuddered at the blood that she had spilt, though it was shed righteously. It was too much against her nature to consider such an achievement without horror and remorse, though it had been the just and generous impulse of the moment ; and, not doubting that the man was dead, she inwardly avowed herself a murderess, though of an assassin, and brooded over the dark consciousness with all the trouble and mystery of guilt.

To no friend nor relative did she confide her secret ; she even abstained, for a period considerably longer than she had ever done before, from conferring with her confessor. She had tried to consider the whole incident as a fearful dream, but the remembrance of Champlemonde made that impossible. He had sunk too deeply into her heart to be forgotten ; and none of the circumstances of their first meeting could be dissociated from the recollection.

It had indeed been her intention, while yet under the immediate excitement of her adventure, to relate to her parents all that had passed, as much

to prepossess them in favour of Champlemonde, as to relieve herself from the oppressive weight of her own sensations. But after-thought changed her purpose. She could not avow what she had done ; for, though her father and all her kindred so cordially detested the French that they would have applauded her for having destroyed a Frenchman, she was not formed for a heroine, and their praise would only have shocked her sensitive delicacy. Then, as to the notion of producing a favourable opinion of Colonel Champlemonde, he was a Frenchman too, and she felt that it was impracticable. She herself, until the night when he protected her, partook of the family feeling, which was at that time a patriotic feeling, of unmitigated hatred of all the French, without one exception. Even now she thought her bosom traitress in harbouring a kindly sentiment for an invader, though he was one to whom she was so much a debtor. But was he not also her's ? For his safety, as much as for her own, had she stained her soul with blood, and, though she detested herself for the deed, she felt but the deeper interest in the object for whom she had done it.

But she had destroyed a Frenchman to save a Frenchman. How could she avow that to her father, to her mother, to any of her friends? Their zeal of hatred against all their invaders was as implacable as the invasion itself was unjustly aggressive, and as the conduct of the invaders was on too many occasions monstrous.

When the news arrived of the French retreat into Spain, she was inexpressibly pained at the thought that she should, in all probability, never more behold Colonel Champlemonde, and she vainly tried to stifle her regrets as unworthy of a daughter of Portugal. While her family joined with their neighbours in celebrating the event with all possible demonstrations of gladness, she retired to her chamber to hide her tears, and when her younger sister, Francisca, sought her, and inquired the cause of those tears, she only snatched her to her breast, and wept the more. But the cause remained untold and unsuspected; the excuse of illness and nervousness, which indeed was hardly a pretext, served to silence inquiry, and her entreaty to be left undisturbed was complied with. When she did appear in the family circle, her

reserve was maintained: she was silent and spiritless; but she was naturally serious, and her friends, enraptured with the recent occurrences, had scarcely leisure to detect the shades that were deepening her thoughtfulness into profound melancholy.

CHAPTER II.

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love.

SHAKSPEARE.

It was still in the spring of the same year, 1809, and not long after the recapture of Oporto by the English and the retreat of the French out of Portugal, that the vale of Teixeira, above Mezaõ Frio in the Upper Douro, was enlivened by the arrival of a body of cavalry, about noon. The flourish of trumpets, echoing among the hills of that fine pastoral valley, had given notice of their approach, and the people of the little town and neighbourhood had eagerly turned out to witness their appearance.

It was a squadron of English dragoons from Villa-Real, and the English were at this time doubly welcome to the good-natured people of

the *Tras os Montes* and the adjoining western province, because the natives had suffered much barbarity and extortion from the French, and had but just got rid of their worst oppressor, Loison, their one-handed tyrant, whom they called *Manita*.

Another squadron of British horse had halted at *Mezaõ Frio*. They had been attached to *Beresford's* army, and had been left in the north for a while, at the request of the Portuguese authorities, or for some other reason best known to the English commanders.

While some of the people of *Teixeira* were admiring the accoutrements and fine horses of *Major Wilmot's* squadron, others the noble effect of their broken files among the steep and rugged passes, the English soldiers were making the best of their way, some growling at the wretched roads and broiling sun, others lauding the good wine of the high Douro country. Their officers were ever and anon acknowledging the greetings of the natives by a stately inclination of the head, or a careless wave of the sword-hand; unless some pretty damsel caught their eyes, and then there were “nods, and becks, and wreathed

smiles" enough from the cavaliers, with store of compliments in broken Portuguese; fragments of gallantry most drolly dislocated, yet perhaps as acceptable to their object as the most fluently turned phrases of admiration may be to the lady in vogue in a Parisian saloon, from a professed master of *minauderies*. The remote maidens of the Tras os Montes and of the Minho e Douro are not dull at comprehending a stranger's courtesy.

One or two of the officers, however, were more attracted by the beauty of the long narrow valley than by that of its women, among whom indeed there were but few at all remarkable for their charms.

"How do you like this vigorous little mountain river?" said Major Wilmot to a captain of one of the two troops of his squadron, the Hon. Vincent Stanisforth, the second son of an English Roman Catholic peer. "Do you hear how it brawls among the rocks, and observe how it capers along, and twists and plunges in the very wantonness of freedom?"

"It is pretty enough," answered Stanisforth, indifferently.

“ Pretty !” rejoined Wilmot. “ You left your taste at Villa-Real, where you parted with your heart. The stream is beautiful — and still more so at this turn,” added he, as they proceeded, “ overhung by those fresh-leaved fig-trees.”

Wilmot could get only cold monosyllables of assent from Stanisforth ; but, nothing checked, he continued to point out to his attention the various and capricious sinuosities of the river, which was now smoothly gliding in a deep bed, half shaded by lines of wild cherry-trees, along which vines were trained and interlaced. It was now gambolling among large grey stones, open to the full glare of the sun ; now prattling over a shallow bed, and rippling upon pebbles under a partial screen of osiers ; and now, after hiding itself between the hills, emerging from under a clump of oaks, or a group of walnut-trees, or of olives, or of mountain-ash ; and, taking some fantastic sweep among the bright green meadows that sloped down to its sides. These little meadows, only here and there interrupted by stairs of vines, were most refreshing to the sight, after the eternal vineyards and the hot walls among which the

troops had been marching for the last twelve or thirteen miles, relieved only by occasional glimpses of the Douro, and now and then a breeze from the mountain Marron.

Groves of chestnuts, as yet almost leafless, and having the appearance of being powdered with a hoar frost, covered the declivities above those precipitous green fields. Pines and oak-trees were mixed with them, and the ground was rich and gaudy with the lofty white and golden broom, high, shrub-like heaths, and various aromatic plants and wild flowers in full blossom. Companies of goats and kids were browsing upon these, and upon the lichens and mosses of the rocks ; and flocks of sheep, a large proportion of which were black and all of the smallest breed, were feeding on whatever patches of herbage they could find so near the mountain tops.

“ Every thing here,” said Wilmot, “ has the air of peace and fearless innocence. Surely, Stanisforth, you must allow that this is a little Arcadian vale.”

“ Oh yes !” answered Stanisforth, “ and we liveried homicides are gentle shepherds truly in your vale of Arcady the Blest.”

“Why, dragoons are certainly out of place here,” replied Wilmot; “especially such a mere dragoon as you are now become—a goodly animal indeed, well appointed for ornament and use, but very solemn and dull withal, fit only to perform the sword-exercise, and charge to the front when duly ordered.”

“Be merciful, Wilmot! I am sorry I have not your spirits; and I do not know the sword-exercise.”

“Really, Stanisforth, more shame for you, then, a cavalry officer, and captain of a troop. But you are too young for this affectation of indifference to every thing in nature. What a pity it is that men who have hearts will pretend to have none, because they must be superfine gentlemen! Any thing like exhibition of feeling is a cardinal sin against the laws of supreme *ton*. Yet flashes do break out from you occasionally, in spite of your fine education. That lovely Portuguese at Villa-Real, for instance, struck fire from the flint—did she not, Stanisforth?”

Captain Stanisforth took no notice of this speech but by a more studied composure of his features

to perfect apathy. Wilmot went on, as if determined to tease him into better taste.

“I always admire oak-trees in this month: their yellow leaves, with all the freshness of young vegetation, have the beauty of autumnal tints. See that venerable oak yonder — how rich it is in its new foliage!”

“Yes,” said Stanisforth, “a wrinkled and crooked old oak in its new spring leaves is like a ridiculous old maid in her new spring silks.”

They now, after having ascended a very steep bank, were on the brow of a craggy hill, covered with short but richly flowering heath. From this height they first caught a view of the handsome church, which, though situated on an eminence just above the populous little town of Teixeira, seemed from that spot to lie in the pit of the vale, with nothing near it but two tall cypresses, as lofty as its steeple. Behind it rose a mountain, all purple with heath; and the upper mountains on either side were covered with chestnut trees, pines, and cork-trees; the lower hills were still vividly green down to the edge of the river, which, in its winding vagaries, was even more pleasing than before.

The captain of the other troop, Horton by name, "a jolly joker" from the West-Riding of Yorkshire, now rode up from the rear. He was rather intimate with Stanisforth, on account of their mutual fondness for field-sports, though no two men could be otherwise less suited to each other.

"Vincent," said he, (he always would call the honourable captain by his Christian name, though the aristocrat rather disliked the familiarity) "Vincent, my boy, this river is the only thing worth seeing since our march began. I am told it is full of trout; you and I must try our flies to-morrow."

"Agreed," said Stanisforth, who was a patient and persevering disciple of Cotton, the fly-fisher.

The squadron now struck into a grove of chestnuts, above which, on their right, was a wood of pines. Most of the officers could not but admire in their passage through this grove the remarkable size of the chestnut-trees, which is hardly equalled by the finest of those near the town of Villa-Real, and not even surpassed by the grand wood of them about a league beyond Lamego. They

cannot properly, perhaps, be called stately trees, because most of them have the appearance of having been pollarded, but their trunks are of prodigious girth; many of them are so hollow, and their large branches are so venerably hoar, that they would seem to be past the age of fruitfulness, which is by no means the case. On the contrary, one of the numerous spectators on the way, a young Franciscan friar, with a huge, quaintly-curled white hat, and a rope-cinctured brown robe, rightly informed the strangers that these ancient trees were famed for the quantity and quality of their produce.

As the troops emerged from the grove, they saw, at some distance below them, the humble-looking townlet of Teixeira. Wilton continued to rally his friend Stanisforth, and to descant on the picturesque, when suddenly he exclaimed —

“ Look, Stanisforth ! do look at the matchless form and face of the damsel standing under those dark olive-trees ! Is she the true Minerva of the olive bowers of this valley, the goddess of peace and wisdom ? or is she the Pallas of arms, who comes to cheer us on to battle ? You do not condescend to look.”

There was a triumphant smile, and an expression of a meaning more than met the ear on the face of Major Wilmot as he said this. Stanisforth turned his eyes negligently in the direction indicated by the major. But he had no sooner done so than he turned very pale, and bowed his head down to his charger's mane, with the most ceremoniously scrupulous attention, to a beautiful girl, hooded in the ugly black silk mantilha of Portugal.

She acknowledged the compliment with a blush and a sweetly earnest smile ; and afterwards cordially, though in a manner rather less particular, showed her recognition of Major Wilmot.

The major was a much handsomer man than Stanisforth, who, except the decided air of a gentleman, had nothing in his exterior at all attractive, but, on the contrary, had rather plain though sensible features. Major Wilmot was a model of manly beauty, with as true a look of blood as Stanisforth.

“ Did you never see that face before ? ” said he to his friend, eyeing him with good-humoured malice ; “ did you never see that face before, Stanisforth ? ”

“Why do you ask what you know so well?” answered Stanisforth. “You are my rival, Wilmot; a rival too powerful, but you are also my friend. Why will you torment me?”

“Friends we are, and we will be,” said the major, “in spite of war and women; but remember that it is not my fault that we are rivals. While this young lady, Senhora Dôna Francisca, of Teixeira, was on a visit in the house where I was billeted at Villa-Real, I was doing her homage for a whole week before you ever beheld her. Considering my opportunities, I certainly made less progress with her than I expected, but I am convinced that I should have got on well enough, if I could have spoken Portuguese with half the fluency that you do. Unluckily, though I comprehend something of the substance of what is said, I cannot initiate my tongue in the barbarous mysteries of Lusitanian elocution; and, therefore, if you should chance to bear away the myrtle from me this time, Stanisforth, the advantage that you have over me, by your ability to converse with her, will furnish me with an apology to my self-esteem, and I will bear my defeat with patience.”

“You pretend to be decently humble, Wilmot.”

“Have I not reason? For a whole week, I tell you, my loves and graces were fluttering about her, dumb ones indeed, but, I did persuade myself, not wholly inexpressive. *Je faisais les beaux yeux* from morning till night; for that good sensible old dame, with whom she was staying, did not forbid herself and her young friend to the profane gaze of a he-stranger, as is too often the case in Portuguese houses. Yet I sighed, and looked, and sighed in vain. For, though she was certainly pleased, (and where is the woman, be she weak or wise, that is *displeased* with admiration?) yet I could never feel assured that I had made anything like an impression. She always looked me full in the face, and never gave me any sly sidelong glances. Now, to be a week in the same house with a Portuguese beauty, and never once catch her taking a furtive glance at one, is, you will own, as discouraging as possible.”

“I can own no such thing, Wilmot, having no experience in that way. I am not a man of

bonnes fortunes, like you. I know nothing about the sidelong glances of Lusitanian ladies."

"Then you are either blind or wilful; for you had plenty of them the only time you ever saw this sweet Francisca before; and, to say the best of it, whatever may be her other virtues, gratitude is not among them, or she would not have turned at once from me, the familiar of seven days, to you, the acquaintance of an hour."

"With what nonsense would you mystify me, Wilmot!"

"Sense or nonsense, it is too true. You step in, and in one day secure more notice, I repeat to you, than fed my hopes for seven; but lovers' hopes are like mountain sheep, they will subsist on scanty herbage; and so mine shall live on, though fed with mere niggardly civilities, while your's are rioting in 'fresh fields and pastures new.'"

"All this is mockery. That I was struck with that lovely girl at your lodging-place at Villa-Real, is very true; but I could not help that; nor did I know that you were already

steeped to the lips in ‘the charming agonies of love.’ Then what followed? The very day after my arrival at Villa-Real, away went the lady back to her own home among some unknown mountains. This was strong evidence of her being pleased with my company.”

“That circumstance,” answered Major Wilmot, “is no evidence, either one way or other; for, as I intend to demean myself like a generous competitor, I will now tell you that the day of her departure had been fixed above a week before, and that her father brought a liteira for her early in the morning, and took her away before you were up. If I know any thing of women, you were carrying the day against me quite hollow; but your victory is not secured, and I will do my best to outgeneral you yet, in a fair and soldier-like manner.”

“You are incapable of anything unfair, Wilmot; and you are, to do you justice, much less selfish than I. Had I been on the ground first, I should have pleaded a prior claim to the chance of the manor, and you would have admitted it.”

“No such thing; I should have done as you

did; got to windward with my pointers, and beat for my game with the best skill I could: for, much as I like to please you, I like to please myself still better. But what were you saying, Stanisforth, about her home among unknown mountains? You see that she is here."

"Yes; I have seen her with surprise. Is her home, then, in this neighbourhood?"

"In a village, or small town, to which we are marching," answered Wilmot; "this was the undiscovered country of life or death to us lovers; these are the unknown mountains; that water on our left, below us, is the rivulet Teixeira; before us, about a mile distant, is the townlet of the same name; and in that little town is the residence of Francisca, the divinity of Villa-Real, the staid nymph of this headlong stream, the Pastora of these flocks, the Minerva of these olive bowers, the Pallas of war, whose ægis, I hope, will protect us, her trusty horsemen, from all dangers but those of her own eyes."

"You talk with the gaiety of a suitor confident of success. Your humility is gone, Wilmot; I am provoked to hear your banter, so

careless and self-complacent. You seem well acquainted with your subject, too. You know, beyond doubt, all that it is desirable to know, about the relations, mineral and botanic, geological and statistical, of these mountains, and are familiar with their population, biped and four-footed. You can even, I dare say, find your way, without a guide, to any particular house of any particularly interesting person—Dôna Francisca, for example.”

“ I can :” said Wilmot. “ She lives very near the bridge of Teixeira ; the stream murmurs over its rocky channel almost at her door. From the three centre windows of the first story of the house, a covered wooden gallery, or balcony, projects ; and, exactly opposite to that centre, still nearer to the river, is a little gable-ended edifice of stone, surmounted by a belfry and cross at one end, and by a cross at the other, and furnished at the four corners with small pinnacles. It is called the Chapel of our Lady of Health.”

“ ‘ Be she a spirit of health or goblin damned, yet I will speak to her,’ ” muttered Stanisforth,

in a tone that was meant to be gay, but which betrayed his annoyance at the precision of the major's information; and showed that he was half suspicious, with the jealousy of a young lover, that his friend had been quizzing him, and held more intelligence with the lady than he had chosen to avow.

“Do you suppose,” said Wilmot, “that I could be in the company of such an angel and her father for several days, and be so stupid as not to obtain, in spite of my ignorance of the language, some particulars relative to her place of residence?”

Stanisforth made no answer; they were now close to the town, for so we must call it, though, but for its stone cross in the market-place, it might be more properly termed a village. The billet-serjeants met them, and the major halted his squadron. On reading his own billet, he desired to be shown those of the other officers, and, having looked at them, said to the serjeant-major of one of the troops: “This won't do; I perceive that your captain is billeted on the house of Senhor Coêlho; that gentleman happens to

be a friend of mine, and I wish to be at his house. Call Captain Horton." The Yorkshire captain appeared.

"Captain Horton," said the major, "have you any objection to change your billet with me?"

"Objection," replied Horton, discontentedly, "would be of little use, as you have the privilege of selection, major."

"It is a privilege of which I seldom avail myself," said Wilmot, "and you will lose nothing by the exchange, for my billet is on the Abbade's house, the best in the place."

"Best or worst," answered Horton, still more peevishly, "I should say, you are heartily welcome to your choice, were I your senior. But, as to the Abbade's house," added he, *sotto voce*, or rather in an under-grunt, "I believe I shall have the worst of the bargain, for it is Friday, and there will be nothing but fish and trash in the house of a priest on a Friday, and I shall have to turn-to on the ration beef, which is always so tough that a man's teeth might as well try to meet through a bull's hide as the cow's flesh ;

and buying better fare for one'sself is an expensive mode of foraging. I am from too far north for that, where it can be avoided."

Major Wilmot, moving aside with Stanisforth, said to him: "You are in a moody humour; you had better come with me to the lodging I have chosen; my friend will willingly accommodate us both."

"I thank you," said Stanisforth; "but I am tired, and would prefer being alone."

"Very well, Stanisforth; I hope your lonely meditations will be agreeable. But, have you no tender message, no soft *saudades*, for the fair Francisca? Do teach me some impassioned sentiment from Camoens, that I may whisper it in her ear to-day, in your behalf."

"To-day! what do you mean?"

"I mean, that I am going to dine, sup, and sleep, under the same roof with Dôna Francisca, in the house of her father, Senhor Diogo Coêlho."

"Her father!" echoed Stanisforth, and bit his lip. "And a friend of your's, too? You have fooled me more than enough. Well, go and enjoy your good fortune, and laugh as you may, at my expense."

“ I will,” said Wilmot ; “ but you had better agree to my proposal ; come with me, and join in the laugh.”

“ You are not serious, Wilmot !”

“ Not when I laugh ; but I am in earnest when I say, come with me to Senhor Coêlho’s.”

“ Be it so,” replied Stanisforth ; “ but it is strange that you should choose to have a rival, however insignificant, in your way. You are either very generous, or very arrogant.”

“ I am neither. I think it fair that you should have your chance ; but I want to make use of you ; and I will only take you with me on a stipulation.”

“ What may that be ?”

“ That you translate accurately, and honourably, for my sole use and benefit, whatever I may wish to understand, or may desire to say to the lady, or to any other person in that house.”

“ That will I, verbally and literally.”

“ No, no, Stanisforth, that would be a clumsy and absurd method of doing one language into another. You must give the spirit, not the letter.”

“ I will do my best to serve you.”

“ And to serve yourself.”

“ And to serve myself.”

“ I shall be as vigilant,” said Wilmot, “ to detect your wanderings from my meaning, as a wolf of Valença, or of Marron, when he listens to the bleat of a straggling kid.”

“ And I shall watch her,” answered Stanisforth, “ as a Douro wine-farmer peruses the face of the commissary of the royal company, or the merchant, or the merchant’s clerk, whose opinion is to decide upon the quality or purchase of his wine, at the moment when the important wine-spitter is blackening his lips out of his silver saucer.”

CHAPTER III.

He had a fever when he was in Spain.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE troops were now billeted off, and Major Wilmot and Captain Stanisforth dismounted at the house of Senhor Diogo Maria Manoel Balthazar Moniz Coêlho, who stood on the stone steps, without his door, to receive his guests. He was a short, brown old gentleman, of good features, with a figure not unlike a tub ; he was dressed in a grey linen jacket, and black satin trowsers, and tan-coloured shoes and stockings, and he wore no neckcloth. Notwithstanding his odd dress, which would certainly hardly pass muster at White's, and though his mansion was none of the most imposing, nor his establishment on a scale of luxury, or even comfort, proportioned to our extravagant notions, and though indeed his fortune was very small, this worthy old man was de-

scended from most illustrious ancestors, which he was well aware of, as we shall presently discover. He greeted Major Wilmot as a known friend, by putting his arms round his waist, and patting him on the back, and saluted Stanisforth with much good humour, telling them both that he and his family, and house, and servants, and all that he possessed, were entirely at their disposal — a common Portuguese compliment, generally signifying nothing, but in this instance the welcome of honest good-will.

There were two pair of bright black eyes peeping behind a *gelosía*, one of those contrivances of Moorish origin for windows or doors, formed of small laths laid across each other chequer-wise, so that those persons within can see what passes in the street without being distinguished themselves. Stanisforth was sure that one pair of eyes belonged to Francisca; but he could not decide which, for both pair seemed equally black and equally brilliant. He and Wilmot followed Senhor Coêlho into the house, and were immediately put in possession of a pretty spacious apartment, with two small bed-recesses adjoining.

As soon as the baggage-mules arrived, the officers changed their dusty uniforms for fresher apparel. Stanisforth dressed himself with scrupulous nicety. The handsome Major Wilmot took less trouble at his toilet, perhaps not unconscious that he needed less than his friend. They found Senhor Coêlho waiting for them in their sitting-room, and were rather disappointed that he was there alone.

Presently, however, they had visitors enough, though not of the sex that they wished to see. Every presentable man in or near the village, that is, every idle male individual of the valley, came to pay his respects to Major Wilmot, as the commanding officer of the squadron. Among these was Captain Horton's *patraõ*, the Abbade, an aged priest, with a jovial eye and sleek face, a fine bald front, a profusion of white hair flowing from the back of his head over his shoulders, and a voice of mirth that annoyed Stanisforth by its sonorous powers. Then there was a swart, well-featured savage, of middle age, who quite overpowered Stanisforth by his obstreperous civilities. He was in a dark brown uniform, and

was no less than the *Illustrissimo Senhor*, José Alves, Captain of Ordonança, Trained Bands, or Militia, and Doctor of Laws to boot, from the University of Coimbra : he always carried a book under his arm. There were, also, a fat old Capuchin friar, who was a Guerilla leader, and the young Franciscan friar before mentioned, besides several gentlemen wine-farmers, and others.

There was much talk, and loud ; and poor Captain Stanisforth's new office of interpreter to and from Wilmot was no sinecure. The Abbadé soon retired to return to his guest, Captain Horton, and the other visitors dropped off by slow degrees, all but the indefatigably civil Captain of Trained Bands, who seemed determined to talk Stanisforth to death. Major Wilmot enjoyed his friend's distress, and increased it by making him translate almost every syllable that was uttered. Whenever Stanisforth tried to evade the service, Wilmot reminded him of his engagement, and kept him to the task till he almost repented that he had entered the house, even though it were the dwelling of the lovely Francisca. At last, however, the man did go

away, and the two officers were left with their host.

By the conversation that ensued, Stanisforth, being for the most part still the medium of communication, found that Major Wilmot and Senhor Coêlho had met, on a former occasion, at the house of the Conde d'Amarante, at Chaves, where Wilmot had been a guest, and that they had renewed their acquaintance at the house of Senhor Coêlho's sister-in-law, at Villa-Real, on the morning when he came to fetch his daughter away ; the major, early as it was, having taken care to be up, as he had been apprised of his expected arrival. It was at the house of this lady, a rich and patriotic maiden dame, with whom the English were much in favour, that Wilmot had become acquainted with Francisca. Strangers have usually but little opportunity of cultivating intimacy with Portuguese females of the upper class, even when, by chance, for a few days, under the same roof. But the friendly disposition of the aunt, and the necessity of doing the honours of her house, made her relax from the Moorish system of seclusion, to which the ladies of

the Peninsula were accustomed. Wilmot had seen Francisca depart from Villa-Real with as much regret as might be expected from a light-hearted rover. He had even approached her again at Teixeira with more emotion than he outwardly betrayed. Perhaps his vanity had been a little roused by the rapid progress that Stanisforth appeared to have made in gaining her good opinion. But he was too well-tempered and too truly well-bred to manifest displeasure to either party. Besides, he was scarcely in earnest, which made it the more easy for him to be amiable.

Stanisforth had really "fallen in love," or rather risen to the elevation of a true passion—a marvellous incident in the history of a fine gentleman.

To which of her two admirers, if to either, Francisca might seriously incline, we are yet to discover.

Soon after the departure of the Captain of Trained Bands, the gentlemen were informed that dinner was served. Conducted by their host, the two officers entered the eating-room with revived hopes of seeing his wife and daughters :

but no ladies appeared, and Stanisforth saw in an instant that the table was prepared for three persons only. Two slow, solemn-faced Galicians, servants of Senhor Coêlho, were in attendance. Stanisforth requested that one of them might call his own valet, with whose services at table he seldom dispensed.

The contrast between the sober march and manner of the Spaniards, and the short step and abrupt, though noiseless, activity of the English servant, might have excited a smile in an observer of this repast; and droll enough were the awkwardnesses occasioned by the Briton's assiduous interference with the arrangements of the Gallegos, which he seemed determined to resist to the uttermost, because they were not according to the London customs. The consequence was that the two Spaniards soon stood stock still, and left the John Bull to manage it all his own way, while they stared at him with sullen dogged admiration of his assurance. Their master, too, looked up with surprise now and then, when he found himself served with such unwonted alacrity, but so much out of the order of the cus-

tomary arrangements of his table. He took all in good part, however, and did the honours well both by precept and example, for he ate prodigiously, and urged his guests to do the same.

The table was abundantly supplied, especially with soupe-maigre, and fish, dressed in various ways, the day being Friday. But the supposed carnivorous propensities of English heretics had not been overlooked, for there was also a reasonable allowance of flesh-meat for the officers. Major Wilmot was not indisposed to obey his entertainer's injunctions, but Stanisforth was in no humour to eat; and he could hardly be tempted even to partake of some fish, which Wilmot rightly assured him was as good as if it had been prepared by a burgomaster's cook of Amsterdam or the Hague. Nor could even the lighter delicacies, more suited to a lover's sickly taste, attract him : sweet plates of rice and vermicelli, confections from the nunnery of Santa Clara at Villa-Real, preserved quince, and other marmalades and fruits, from the sisters of Santa Clara at Lamego, oranges from the sunniest banks of the Upper Douro, sweet lemons and

limes of bergamot fragrance, and many other baits for fastidious palates, were successively proposed to him; but none of these sweets, simple or compound, could dulcify the spirit of spleen that possessed him. Not even the purest old wine of that favoured land of Bacchus could enliven him, though, contrary to his practice, he drank rather freely. Major Wilmot proposed the health of Senhora Dôna Coelho and her daughters, for which the master of the house thanked him with great respect, though he did not appear to understand the custom. The rival cavaliers had, several times in the course of the day, alluded to these ladies, and the old gentleman had as frequently assured them, with the utmost politeness, that his wife and daughters were at their service, but had manifested no intention of letting them speak for themselves.

Almost immediately after dinner the two officers rose, and Senhor Coêlho retired to take his *sesta*.

Major Wilmot had no sooner closed the door of their apartment, than he laughed heartily at Stanisforth's chagrin. Captain Stanisforth was

not given to laughing, though he sometimes smiled with a sweetness so uncommon, that, plain as he was, few ladies, to whom his eyes might be directed on such occasions, could think his countenance otherwise than agreeable. But, alas ! here were no ladies to smile at. He repaid Wilmot with a smile for his unseasonable merriment ; but it was not one of his captivating smiles. His solemnity only augmented Wilmot's vivacity ; and, as a superlative gentleman cannot endure ridicule, he retreated to his bedroom, though without the least expression of ill-humour, locked his door, and threw himself on the bed.

Oppressed as he had been by the heat of the morning's march, and weary as he was with the drudgery of converting Portuguese into English, and English into Portuguese, for Wilmot, he ineffectually tried for nearly two hours to compose himself to rest. His pillow was now too high, then too low ; every position to which he could twist his frame was still uneasy ; he tried every sedative charm he could think of ; he counted a thousand, went through every item of his laun-

dress's last bill, said the alphabet three times, repeated twenty lines of the last "sweet new poem;" but nothing would do—till he remembered that his troop-book of regimental orders was on a table within his reach. He began to peruse the orders of the preceding month with laudable diligence; the first week he got through without winking; at the tenth day the ungainly pothooks of the serjeant began to dance like motes before his eyes; at the eleventh he was reading through his eyelashes; and at the twelfth he fell into a doze, in the middle of an ill-spent sentence. But even this narcotic, powerfully as it might have acted elsewhere, was here but of moderate effect. His slumber was light, and broken by every minute sound that occurred; for, if a mouse was running under the floor, or a window was ever so lightly agitated by the air, he fancied that he heard the footfall of Francisca in the next room, "tripping lightly like a fawn."

It was near sunset when he rose. He inquired for Major Wilmot, and was told that he had gone out to see his horses. He thought that the major's absence gave him a good opportunity

to try whether one or both of the two pair of black eyes that had sparkled on him when he was ascending the stone steps to the house were again to be discerned through the lattices of the *gelosía*.

He stepped softly to the street-door, opened it without noise, and placed himself on the head of the stone stairs, partly screened from the window by a projection of the wall. He immediately saw the four black eyes behind the trellis-window, but they did not see him. They were stedfastly fixed on some other object. What could it be? He waited for some moments in anxious expectation of attracting their notice. But no—those four black eyes remained riveted to something near the river.

He grew impatient, and, protruding his head a little beyond the jutting wall, and turning it towards the water, he espied Major Wilmot in the very best station that could have been selected, seated on a grey stone, under the arch of the bridge, and looking unutterably amorous at the four black eyes. Stanisforth stepped forward, and stood discovered to both parties. He felt furious, but looked calm.

Two of the black eyes instantly disappeared. The other two remained ; and, after observing him for a few moments, and slightly acknowledging his bow, were again directed to Major Wilmot, and fixed on him with increased complacency : at least, so he, as well as Stanisforth, thought.

Stanisforth was painfully eager to learn whether it was Francisca, or her sister, our Oporto friend, Leonora, that thus kept her ground ; but it was impossible to distinguish the eyes, for both brace were just alike, and no other features could by any visual effort be accurately made out athwart that African device of lathe-work, the *gelosía*. He addressed himself to Wilmot, who sat grinning with satisfaction at his discomposure.

“ I was told that you were gone to visit your stables.”

“ I have been there,” answered Wilmot.

“ And how long have you been here ?”

“ Where ?”

“ Under the bridge, in that romantic attitude, as if you were sitting for your picture, in the

character of a sheep in wolf's clothing ; a Corydon in martial costume."

"I have been here about an hour," replied the major.

"And how long," rejoined Stanisforth, "have those black eyes and your confounded blue ones been commercing together?"

"All the time," said Wilmot.

"The deuce!" muttered Stanisforth, and he stalked into the house. Wilmot followed him.

At this moment, a figure rose from the foot of a tree behind the bridge where Wilmot had been seated, and just in a line with him and the window, and vanished behind a wall. It looked very like the Captain of Trained Bands. It was possible, therefore, that all this time the black eyes had been directed, not to Major Wilmot, but over his head, and across the bridge, to the said figure : but it was not probable that a person like Senhor José Alves could make such a handsome man as Wilmot serve him for what the Portuguese call a *Páo de Cabelleira*, a barber's block, sometimes a convenient piece of furniture for lovers, drawing off the attention of the curious

from the party who is really the favoured object, and is making love behind him or over his shoulder.

“Let us ask for tea, Stanisforth,” said Wilmot. “Perhaps the ladies will come and take it with us, or even make it for us.”

“I suppose you know whether they will or not,” drily answered his friend. “Do as you please.”

Major Wilmot asked for tea. Lights and tea were brought. Senhor Coêlho returned to his guests, but no ladies made their appearance. Stanisforth made wry faces over his tea without cream, which the Portuguese did not approve with that beverage. He would not, however, take the trouble to ask for some. Most of the visitants of the morning poured in again, and Stanisforth was again obliged to talk and translate. The Captain of Trained Bands was, as before, the most garrulous. Stanisforth endured all “in sad civility,” till the little militant Capuchin, redolent of garlic, took him by the sleeve, and thrust his face close under the captain’s nose, with the air of a story-teller who has secured his

listener, and is about to be prolix. Stanisforth could not stand the detestable odour of the plant which is, however, in spite of Horace and the Arabian Nights, and all detractors, ancient and modern,

“an injured name,
The glory of the kitchen, or the shame,”

according to the discretion of the cook in its use. He forcibly effected his liberation, stammering some hurried excuse, and, twisting through the crowd to the open door, stole into the blessed fresh air, and went wandering down the banks of the stream, under the broad moon.

His ramble was meditative and short. As he had eaten nothing at dinner, the unusual, though not immoderate, quantity of wine that he had taken was more than enough. He had flushed and fretted himself into a fever, which the pleasant breeze of the evening had not power to allay. It suddenly struck him that he might by a bold movement penetrate as far as the mysterious room of the *gelosía*, surprise the owners of the four dark eyes, effect a parley with Francisca, and take his revenge on Wilmot, who had

hitherto, this day, been so much the better tactician of the two.

He did not pause to weigh the delicacy of such a proceeding. Wine, love, and jealousy, inspired him. He had left Senhor Coêlho and Major Wilmot fully occupied with their visitors. But where might the mother, Senhora Coêlho, be? Never mind! He returned to the house with perhaps more speed than he had ever exerted on foot in his life, for it was a maxim with him never to do any thing in a hurry. He entered by a side door, which opened under a staircase. His object was to reach the first floor; he ascended the stairs, without meeting any one; he gained the landing-place, hastened along a passage, and found a door open; it was the third on his left hand. The full light of the moon showed him that he had not got to the room of the *gelosía*, but into the centre apartment that opened into the covered wooden balcony alluded to by Wilmot in the morning. It showed him more; Francisca was seated near the open window, looking at the moon!

He paused for an instant at the entrance,

looked round the apartment, satisfied himself that no other person was there, and then walked as lightly as he could towards her; he stood behind her chair, gazed on her beautiful neck, and, when he perceived that she was so deeply abstracted as to be unconscious of an intruder's presence, he whispered the words, "Senhora Dôna Francisca!"

She was startled, turned round, recognized him, and rose in confusion. He uttered not a syllable more, but snatched her hand and kissed it repeatedly. What would Zimmermann have said to such a lover? He seems to prescribe four years of courtship before a single kiss of the hand should be adventured by the enamoured youth. And was this Captain Stanisforth, the frigid fine gentleman? Yes, ladies, it was; beware of your cold fine gentlemen.

And how did the Portuguese beauty bear this audacity? Very quietly. She struggled for a moment to release her hand, but, failing in the effort, left it with a sigh to its fate. Let her not be too rashly despised. There is as much female virtue in the south of Europe as in the north,

notwithstanding the misrepresentations of travelled coxcombs, who boast of easy victories that never were achieved. It would be no very charitable judgment that excluded Francisca from the number of the correct in conduct, because she neither screamed nor fainted on this occasion. I would not wantonly raise a blush of offended decorum on the cheek of the strictest pretty puritan, whether her saintly eyes peruse love-pages, or are averted with scorn from those pages and their perusers. But I have not chosen to omit this anecdote, because it was necessary to my purpose, and because I think it, on her part, perfectly innocent, and am sure that it is true. Captain Stanisforth, who was no vain Gascon to rifle visionary lips, has recorded the fact, to the lady's praise, and to his own condemnation, in a journal, from which many particulars of this history are faithfully transcribed.

His delirium did not last long; for he was recalled to reason by the sound of approaching feet, and the gleaming of a lamp along an inner corridor that led to the apartment. He set his prisoner free, and she glided from the room as

silently as a swan glides along the water. He also made the best retreat he could, and got out undiscovered to the street-door; but there he observed a man in a dark cloak, who looked at him closely. It was Senhor José Alves, the omnipresent Captain of Trained Bands, Doctor of Laws, &c., with his large book under his arm. Stanisforth thought it somewhat singular that the man should be planted there, but it could be of no consequence. He re-entered the house at the main door, went back to the room where he had left his friends, apologized for his absence of about half an hour, was civil to everybody, and assiduous in interpreting for Wilmot; made courteous obeisances to every one of the strangers when they took their leave, supped with Senhor Coêlho and Wilmot, was very hungry and very convivial, delighted old Senhor Coêlho, astonished Wilmot, and went to bed, and slept as soundly, though not so long, as any of the Seven Sleepers.

CHAPTER IV.

Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw.

THOMSON.

THE trumpet-call under his window at day-break had just awakened Stanisforth, but he was relapsing into slumber, when a thundering thump and a Yorkshire voice at his door reminded him that he was engaged to fish with Captain Horton. He now wished Horton and the trout were swimming together, and attempted to evade the engagement. But his brother-angler did not choose to accept any excuse; so up he got; and, when they had taken some coffee, they walked off to the water, leaving Wilmot in bed. Stanisforth glanced at the window of the *gelosía* and at the wooden balcony, but no dark eyes were beaming there so early.

“ Well, Horton,” said he, “ I suppose you were starved yesterday at the Abbade’s house ; and, as this is also a fish-day, you are determined to have fresh trout instead of *bacalhão*.”

“ No, no,” said Horton ; “ the Abbade is a prince of priests, and should be Patriarch of Lisbon with my consent. I never dined better in my life, nor drank better wine, nor supped more to my satisfaction. He is a fine old fellow, that *Padre*. He gave me for dinner brown rice-soup, capital fish, something like haddock, *pescádo*, fresh from the Douro ; boiled beef and pickled pork on a huge platter, garnished with boiled cabbages, stalks and all ; a pilau in brown gravy, with three boiled fowls on the top of it, the poultry rather tough, being just killed ; boiled sausages, *salpicoes*, a *leetle* strong of garlic, but exceedingly good, and a boiled leg of mountain mutton. I was just thinking it was a pity that among so many boiled things the mutton was not roasted, when the table was cleared, and in came a second course : a roasted turkey ; a roasted *lombo*, as they call it, of beef, being the best piece of the loin without the bone ; a roasted

chine of pork, a huge pigeon-pie, and some trout fried in oil, the best I ever tasted. These were followed by pastes and puddings, and sweet condiments of all sorts, and loads of fruit. Bless his prodigal old heart ! It was an awful waste of good cheer, for which you, Vincent, who are a Catholic, will have to pray him out of purgatory. For all this provender was for two persons, himself and your undeserving servant ! And *he* ate no meat either ; but he fed well, notwithstanding, and drank better. Then, at supper, among many other things we had a Melgaça ham, smoking hot ; and a sucking-pig, the pride of all roasts. Talk of your days of abstinence ! Give me to dine with such an *Abbade* every Friday of my life, and sup too. He is such a pleasant Padre, too ; though I own I could not understand above a word or two he said in two hundred. But then I laughed whenever he did, which was almost all the time ; and I said ‘ *sta bom* ’ to every thing.”

So Captain Horton indulged himself in the recapitulation of his feasting, and had all the talk to himself, while they walked to that part of the river where they were to commence fishing,

and while they put their tackle together. He then walked speedily down stream, and left Stanisforth to do his best after him.

The beauty of this stream and of its banks has been already noticed. But one of the delights of the angler is that he is admitted to all the shyest and least suspected charms of river-scenery. None but an angler toils over rough and smooth, following the windings and meanderings and steep falls of a mountain-stream with untired perseverance. In spite of a noble bard's flippant tirade against Izaak Walton, it may be maintained that every poet should be an angler, though God forbid that all anglers should turn poets ! To be sure, old Izaak fished with the worm, which is an uncleanly method and unnecessarily cruel, besides being dull work, demanding small skill. Any old woman can fish with a worm. But it requires art and activity to throw the artificial fly lightly and naturally, far or near, in spots overshadowed with trees, or among the eddies in rocks ; to strike at the right moment when the fish is touched, and, if he is a heavy fish, to play him cleverly down stream, give him

line, and wind up discreetly ; and, lastly, it is not the least critical part of the business to land the prisoner, if slightly hooked ; for, as “ between the cup and the lip,” so between the hook and the pannier “ there is many a slip.”

With respect to the cruelty of this matter, there still may be something not altogether to be vindicated : it may be a sin in man to take pleasure in killing any thing. When you hook a trout, you are but balking him of his prey, and making an intended executioner the victim : but this is certainly a somewhat unsatisfactory argument. He was only following his instinct, and the necessity of his nature. An angler would not like, perhaps, to be excused by the plea that he is only following *his* instinct ; which is to catch all he can, and throw back the small ones.

But no more on fly-fishing ; except that Dr. Johnson,* who knew as little of such small affairs as an elephant does about dancing a *quadrille* (though we *have* seen Miss Djeck dance at the Opera), is welcome to his joke of “ a stick with

* Or, perhaps, Swift ; for it is not clear which of the two sages invented this stick of an epigram, with a sting at one end and himself at the other.

a string at one end and a fool at the other," inasmuch as it has not the least application to the professor of fly-fishing, but only to the impaler of worms, who stands sentry over his quill or cork for hours on the river's edge with all the gravity and quiescence of a heron. Then let him hook ever so minute a troutling, he cannot save him ; for, the hook being gorged with the bait, has inflicted a death-wound.

Horton, sly old soldier as he was, having taken the lead, and so fished the best places first, and being also the experter artist, was more successful than his companion, or rather follower. Both, however, exhibited a numerous though sorry show of small fry on their arrival at Mezaõ-Frio.

" Horton," said Stanisforth, " I thought it was only for inferior sportsmen like me to condescend to make prey of fish less than at least six or eight ounces in weight. Some of your trout are hardly bigger than the lastsprings of the Wye."

" 'True, Vincent," replied the Yorkshireman ; " but I found mercy unprofitable, and, after throwing back some two or three dozen of these babies the first half hour, and not raising a single

respectable fish, I resolved to accept whatever the river-nymph might offer, for I don't believe there is a good trout in her keeping. I wonder where the Abbade got his. But let us examine your's. Why! Vincent! you are a pretty fellow to take me to task: here are some of your's not larger than white-bait. You have out-heroded Herod in your slaughter of the Innocents. But, in truth, the river is good for nothing."

He had hardly pronounced this judgment, before a woman with a basket on her head accosted them.

"*Quierem comprar trutas, meus Senhores?*"

"What does she say, Vincent?"

"She asks whether we want to buy any trout."

"Tell her we will sell her some, if she likes," growled Horton; "but let us look at her trout: they are of course of the dwarf breed, like our's."

The woman, by Stanisforth's direction, put down her basket; and, lo! there were six brace of highly-conditioned trout, the smallest of them a foot in length, and a full pound in weight! They were yet alive. Horton stared.

"Where in the world did she get these beautiful fish?" said he.

Stanisforth, having asked her, answered—

“ From that river.”

“ When? how? impossible!” said Horton.

“ She says that her husband caught them just before we came down,” said Stanisforth.

“ But where? where?” impatiently asked Horton.

“ She says — ‘ in the deep pools;’ ” quietly responded Stanisforth.

“ Well, well, but how?” continued Horton.

“ She says with a net,” replied Stanisforth, with provoking composure.

“ A net!” roared Horton; “ perdition seize the woman and her poaching rascal of a husband with his net! This is always the way that fair sport is spoilt. Who would have thought of these Portuguese having wicked wit enough to take trout with a net?”

“ Very strange, indeed,” said Stanisforth, “ that they should understand the best way of getting the best fish in their own rivers.”

Horton turned away, much disgusted; and both the anglers, after calling on their brother officers at Mezañ-Frio, mounted the horses which

they had ordered to meet them, and returned to their respective quarters.

Captain Stanisforth was alone in his room, glad to rest after his morning toil, and he was deep in meditation on the charms of Francisca, when three of his most assiduous visitors came to plague him : the young Franciscan, with the fine family eyes ; he was Leonora's and Francisca's cousin : Senhor Candido, the country surgeon, a man of pompous phraseology without point, and insufferably a bore ; and Senhor José Alves, the eternal Captain of Trained Bands, with his book under his arm.

These gentlemen examined the Englishman's fishing-tackle, tossing it about with wonder, mixing his flies, and tangling his hair-lines. They walked up and down with vivacity, all bawling together with the lungs of stentors, and spitting about the room with a free and easy simplicity somewhat too characteristic of male manners in these rural districts and elsewhere. But they were unconscious of any transgression of decorum ; they were even over-polite in their way ; and their extravagant eulogies pressed hard upon

the modesty of Stanisforth; but he would suffer nothing to annoy or disconcert him now in this abode of his deity of the mountain-stream. Two of the worthies retired, leaving only the Captain of Trained Bands, with his ponderous volume under his arm. Stanisforth, who had been forced into something like familiarity with this person, now said to him :—

“ Senhor José Alves, I observe that you always carry a book under your arm. May I ask what it is?”

“ I have been surprised,” said the other, eagerly, “ at your not having asked that question before.”

He opened it with as mysterious an air as if he was unfolding the original leaves of the sybil's oracles. The book was in French, and the title ran thus :—“ *Thresor de Chartes, Contenant les Tableaux de tous les Pays du monde, enrichi de belles descriptions.*”

It was a quaint old book, though not so rare or precious as its owner pretended; it was full of droll fictions and popular errors; the worthy Captain-Doctor took them all for gospel, and

seemed to have the work by heart, for he generally quoted before he turned to the page. One story, from Giraldus Cambrensis, was especially honoured by his faith. It was no other than the marvellous account of “the Birds called Barnacles,” which are produced in an uncommon manner, not altogether natural; first, appearing in the form of gum, such as exudes from trees, they are found sticking to stray masts and spars that float on the sea-shores: presently, these viscous substances are transmuted to sea-shells, which, in process of time, shoot out beaks and then gradually become furnished with feathers and wings; being, at last, according to Du Bartas, true Scotch barnacles.

“Même corps fut jadis arbre verd, puis vaisseau,
Naguères champignon, et maintenant oiseau!”

For two hours, that seemed to Stanisforth immortal, though he betrayed no impatience, did Senhor José Alves hold forth on the treasures of information to be found in his *Thresor de Cartes*, which seemed to be the only book in the world he knew any thing about, except one or two works in Portuguese, that he promised to show Sta-

nisforth, as rich repositories of remarkable facts and choice miracles. “ But,” said he, suddenly checking himself, “ you would take no interest in such books, having no belief in the mysteries of our holy religion. How much it is to be lamented that our English friends who come hither to fight in our good cause, and whom we love so well, are all sure to go to hell ; and that those who are so kind as to die in battle for us, only arrive there so much the sooner than if they staid peaceably at home. Is it not a woful consideration, captain ? ” continued he, regarding him with good-natured compassion.

“ Undoubtedly,” answered Stanisforth, “ if such be really the case. But, are you quite certain that we are all such unbelievers ? And, if you are, are you quite sure of your right to condemn us to eternal perdition ? ”

“ Alas,” replied he of the *Thresor de Cartes*, “ it is not I, it is our holy and infallible church that condemns you ; but, *paciencia !* ” and with this comfortable ejaculation he retired, apparently unconscious how unmercifully he had put Stanisforth’s *paciencia* to the test.

In the course of the afternoon, during which nothing noticeable occurred, Stanisforth's door being accidentally ajar, he overheard part of a conversation between Senhor Coêlho and a person whom he could not doubt to be his wife. He and Wilmot were the subject of discourse, and Senhor Coêlho was liberal in his praises of both. "But," said he, "*que péna que não são Christãos!* What a pity they are heretics!"

"*Que péna que não são Christãos!* What a pity they are heretics!" said the lady, exactly in her husband's words.

"*Si, si, estes Inglêzes são taõ bonitos,*" said the senhor; "*mas que péna que não tenham almas.* True, true; those Englishmen are so handsome; what a pity they have no souls!"

"*Si, si, estes Inglêzes são taõ bonitos,*" echoed the senhora; "*mas que péna que não tenham almas.* True, true; those Englishmen are so handsome; what a pity they have no souls!"

Stanisforth smiled. "That is a mistake," thought he, "in relation to me, at least; for I am neither handsome nor a heretic: and as to my friend, the major, though he is a protestant, I think he has a soul."

The next day being Sunday, he watched for the moment at which the ladies sallied forth for the parish church, and followed them to mass; at which, to the astonishment and gratification of the Abbade, whose curate officiated, and of Senhor Coêlho and his wife, who observed him narrowly, he demeaned himself with the most orthodox propriety, kneeling and rising and making the sign of the cross at the prescribed times, without looking about him at all, and being evidently perfectly informed of the ceremonies of the service. The reader will recollect that he was the son of a Roman Catholic peer, and he had been brought up strictly in his father's creed, though he sometimes availed himself of a soldier's dispensation from the rule of abstinence from flesh meat on certain days.

When he returned from the church he found all the family assembled, ladies included, radiant with smiles! He made his bow to the senhora, a stately, magnificent, dame of about forty, whose deference to her much older husband was made whimsically remarkable by her repetition of his words whenever she spoke at all, which was not

often, in his presence, for she did not seem to pretend to any ideas of her own. He glanced at the two sisters, whose frightful hoods had almost hid them from view in walking, and perceived that Leonora was nearly as lovely as Francisca, and very like her. The Abbade came in, and, embracing him, exclaimed with exultation — “ *Elle e mais católico que nos!* He is more a catholic than ourselves!” and he embraced him again.

Stanisforth was now in high favour, and they all entreated him to convert his friend the major; an attempt, however, which he did not mean to make, for he knew that it would be labour lost, even with the co-operating eloquence of the four black eyes.

Major Wilmot, having returned from the Sunday morning's parade, where, in default of a chaplain, he had read prayers to his officers and men, was not a little surprised to find the ladies present, and on such good terms with Stanisforth; who, on his side, was highly diverted by the major's puzzled looks. But Wilmot was not long in the dark.

“How does it happen that you are a Catholic, Captain Stanisforth?” said Senhor Coêlho; “I think I understood that you are not an Irishman, and I have heard that there are few Catholics in England.”

Stanisforth explained that the body of English catholics was by no means so inconsiderable as he supposed it, and related just enough of his own family history to convince the inquirer that there were persons of high rank in England who adhered to the ancient faith.

“So!” said Senhor Coêlho, with evident satisfaction, “you are the son of an English peer—very respectable. But I am not surprised to hear it; your look denotes it.”

“Yes,” said his wife; “the senhor’s look denotes it.”

The young ladies said nothing; but, perhaps, like the boy’s dumb magpie, they thought the more: for even Leonora now cast a doubly complacent look on the English peer’s son. Francisca’s eyes blazed with fond triumph. Women are all aristocrats.

“Perhaps you are not aware,” continued

Senhor Coêlho, “ that we too are of an ancient race, and of a name as distinguished as most of the names of mark in Portugal. We are of an historical family, sir ; an historical family : none of your upstarts of yesterday. I tell my children that they are not worms of the earth.”

“ Yes,” said their mother, “ we tell our children that they are not worms of the earth.”

By the subsequent conversation, or rather dissertation, of the old gentleman, Stanisforth perceived that Senhor Coêlho was not only very proud of his ancestry, but that he was deeply versed in Portuguese genealogy ; the dry details of which he seasoned with so much curious native literature and legendary anecdote, that never was the garrulity of age on its favourite topic less tedious. Stanisforth listened with curiosity strongly excited, particularly by the references to old Portuguese poets and historians, most of whom he had never even heard of, but an acquaintance with whose works he now resolved to make on every opportunity.

That a still more interesting possessor of such lore than Senhor Coêlho might perhaps, with a

little address, be drawn out, and was within his view, in the person of the lovely Francisca, he was far from discovering on this occasion; though her animated and intelligent features showed that she followed her father's train of thought with lively pleasure. It is very rarely, indeed, that Portuguese ladies receive such an education as is likely to make them conversant with such subjects; but Senhor Coêlho, having a turn for literary pursuits, had taken no small pains to make his daughters congenial associates for himself, and he had been rewarded with some success.

Captain Stanisforth, finding that his attendance at mass had so ingratiated him with this worthy family, thought it an auspicious juncture for a request to them that he and his friend, Wilmot, might not thenceforth be deprived of the society of the ladies, and that they would institute a reform in that respect, by being of the party at dinner that very day. Senhor Coêlho made several objections on the score of Portuguese customs; but they were feebly made, and still more feebly echoed, by his gracious parrot-spouse, while the laughing Abbade decidedly

urged compliance. Stanisforth was of their religion, and the son of a noble; weighty considerations with even the most single-minded of parents; the order of the day was changed, and thenceforward the intercourse between the two officers and the ladies was almost as little restricted as even Stanisforth could have desired.

CHAPTER V.

In which the story does not advance one step, and which may therefore be “skipped” by young ladies with advantage.

It was on the following morning, while Major Wilmot was gone on duty to Mezañ Frio, and while there was a most fortunate absence of visitors for several hours, that Captain Stanforth first acquired some adequate notion of the intellectual character of Francisca. As he was lounging in front of the house, he saw the ladies at their balcony, and asked permission to pay his respects to them there, which was readily granted.

A French viol lay upon a table in the room. He asked her whether she played upon that instrument.

“No,” said she; “I prefer the guitar, which, however, is much the same thing; and neither of them produces very effective music. But that is

Leonora's viol ; she has lately taken a fancy for it, and really touches it very delicately."

" Do you sing, Senhora Dôna Francisca ?"

" Oh, yes ; almost all Portuguese ladies sing, ill or well."

" Would it be too much to ask you to favour me with a modinha ?"

" Not at all ; I will sing for you with pleasure, if Leonora will accompany me on her viol. But it shall not be a modinha."

" What shall I play ?" said the sister.

" *Figuaredes embora*," was the reply.

Thus accompanied, Francisca sung, and sung delightfully. But neither the air nor the words were known to Stanisforth. The latter, indeed, were absolutely unintelligible to him. He inquired in what language she had been singing.

" You may well put that question," said Francisca, smiling ; " it has puzzled antiquarians."

" But what is it ?"

" It is the farewell of a lover to his mistress, in old Portuguese. You do not know the story of my ancestor, Egaz Moniz Coêlho, cotemporary of Gonzalo Hermiguez. These knights are

the earliest of the known lyric poets of Portugal ; their two or three short *cantigas* being the most ancient lyrical compositions extant among us. Egaz flourished in the reign of Affonso I."

" And he was your ancestor ?"

" So we are told ; and my father says that two old family escutcheons, which he will show you, prove it. I am little versed in heraldry, but I believe that he *was* our ancestor ; and, if it be an error, neither Leonora nor I would be undeceived for the world."

" My faith in the fact is too firm to be shaken," said Leonora.

" But his story ?" said Stanisforth. " Was he the same Egaz Moniz who was tutor to the Prince, Dom Affonso Henriques, and whom Camoens describes as the very model of a good and chivalrous knight ?"

" No ; he has been confounded with him ; but he was the cousin of that celebrated hero, and his own story is hardly less remarkable. He was a gallant warrior, a fervent poet, and a true and constant lover. He was enamoured of Dôna Violante, or Briolante, as he calls her, a beautiful

lady, one of the maids of honour to the queen Mafalda ; and his affection was encouraged. Being obliged to leave Canavèzes, where the court was then held, on a mission to Coimbra, where he was likely to be detained a considerable time, he wrote, and sent to his mistress, the parting song which you have heard.”

“ Will you be good enough to tell me its meaning, for I could hardly comprehend a syllable of it.”

“ Nor should we, if my father, after puzzling at it himself for a long time, had not taught us what he supposes to be its signification ; for of some passages he is doubtful even now. This is his version.

I give you greeting, lady, but in sorrow, for I am going hence for a weary season.

Yet it is not I that am going, but only that which seems to be my living form ; for my heart remains lifeless at your feet.

If you think then that I depart, undeceive yourself ; for I still linger about you, and you do not see it.

You are the resting-place of my love, which in you is buried—in you whose beautiful tresses the day is fond to gaze on.

I should weep were I to recount all the pains that I have endured since the commencement of my passion for you : but these eyes must not indulge in such weakness.

Yet, while I go to the Mondego (and go I must), may some loathsome pest consume my eyes if I go with a good-will.

Such are the torments within me raging, that if the cold grave be, as it is said, a cure for love in anguish, I would that I were dead.

Violante, your truth must shine as clearly as the light, or dark will you find me, and stormy.

If you prove faithless, God be my refuge ! I burn, already ! heap not fire on fire.

Do not, do not forsake me, I implore you ! You who are so beautiful. If you fail me, Christe eleison ! Christ have mercy on my soul !

“ That is the song, or something like it. What do you think of it, Captain Stanisforth ? ”

“ It is spiritual and impassioned. There is

an old English song, exceedingly like the first part of it, and just as metaphysical, though, perhaps, more strained and less earnest. It was written near the close of the sixteenth century, about three hundred and fifty years after the time of your Egaz Moniz.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
 And you alone,
 (*Which cannot be,*
Since I must leave myself with thee),
 Yet when unto our eyes
 Absence denies
 Each other's sight,
 And makes to us a constant night ;
 O give no way to grief,
 But let belief
 Of mutual love
 This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.

Stanisforth gave the sense in Portuguese, on which Leonora and Francisca both objected that it must have been stolen from their knight.

“ That is just possible,” replied he ; “ for the author, John Donne, who was afterwards dean of our great church of St. Paul's in London, accompanied the Earl of Essex in the expedition against

Cadiz, in 1596, and remained some time in Spain, where he might have heard or seen the *cantíga* of your ancestor. But I suspect, though he was then a very young man, that he had already made his song, while a student at the University, or at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where it was unlikely that the Portuguese should have fallen in his way. Besides, it is very improbable that, even if it had, he would have stooped to pilfer. Donne was too rich in wit to condescend to such petty larceny. Such was the subtlety of his imagination, and his power of combining the most fantastical notions, and bending them to his purpose, when he fashioned his strange love-verses, that it has been characteristically said of him,

“ ‘ There Donne, whose Muse on dromedary trots,
Is twisting pokers into true love-knots.’ ”

But, unlike your knight, it is his head, not his heart, that seems to dictate his amatory conceits. ”

“ But why does his muse ride a dromedary ? ” said Francisca. “ Our poets, or their muses, ride winged horses. ”

“ Because his verse is so rough ; his rhythm

is so rugged and disjointed, that his lines are probably harsher to our ears, than those much more ancient ones of Egaz Moniz are to your's, if, indeed, those can be harsh which you have contrived to modulate to such flowing harmony. But how did the lady Violante behave after such an anxious parting admonition ?”

“ Ah, that is a sad tale,” said Francisca ; “ the knight’s fears were prophetic. On his return from the banks of the Mondego, he found his false beauty married to a Castilian gentleman of Queen Dôna Mafalda’s court. This infidelity so weighed upon his heart, that he actually died of sorrow, but not before he had sent her another and a more affecting farewell. It ran thus.

Rest you now contented, my treasure of gold.
Be happy, for you may see that I am dying.

Call to mind, I charge you, that you were my well-beloved, and that from me you never suffered wrong.

You have changed your love ; rejected Portugal for Castile. What pang is this that seizes me !

You have discarded me for the Castilian. Pest and fury ! You have fooled me with twenty treasons.

See me dying, see me dying, Violante ! But avaunt so sinister an augury from *you* !

May *you* live prosperously to a far old age ; though the thirty mournful masses for the soul's repose must be so early chanted for *me*.

'Tis even so ; and if ever I again in this life present myself to your notice, you may say—
“ See, Egaz Moniz still in quest of pleasures ! ”

When you hear the death-bell toll from yonder belfry-tower, you may then revolve in your mind all that you have made me suffer.

And whenever you hear the funeral-bell hereafter, remember that it has already knelled the corse of Egaz Moniz.

Do not forget that he fondly loved you ; and how fondly ! and that he never, never, in the smallest thing, did you a displeasure.

I can say no more ; I gasp for breath ; what my condition is, you well may guess. For you drove the lance well home into my breast ; while I saw and heard you in my heart.

My hour is come. Laugh now, my love; laugh, laugh, and take your pleasure.

“Poor knight!” said Stanisforth; “that is still more touching than the other. So much bitterness, tenderness, generosity, and sarcasm. How did the lady bear it?”

“Grievously enough, to do her justice; for, after the perusal of that letter, she fell into a stupor, and did not survive her victim many days. It was suspected that she had hastened her end by poison; but I am unwilling to believe it; grief for such a lover might well kill her, especially if, as was probably the case, she had married the Castilian against her own will, and at the instances of her friends, and even of the Queen Mafalda, who was herself a Castilian.”

“Where did you get the two cantígas, and those particulars?”

“My father transcribed them from an old writing at the famous ^{Augustine} ~~Benedictine~~ monastery of Santa Cruz at Coimbra, where there are many rare books and manuscripts.* The cantígas

* Transferred, in 1834, to the Public Library at Porto.

were printed in the *Europa Portuguesa* of Faria y Sousa, but apparently from another copy, for there are many variations, though few that are less obscure than the words in our copy, for which they are substituted."

"You mentioned a knight who was brother-in-arms, and brother-lyrist to Egaz."

"Yes; Gonzalo Hermiguez. The only relic of him which I have heard of, is a random sort of strain, that seems to be addressed to his wife; and which has often been pronounced by reasonable persons to be without any sense. Thus it runs: but I will write it; and even so, I am sure it will puzzle you. Here it is."

Stanisforth received the scrap of paper, on which Francisca had copied what follows.

Tinhe rabos nom tinhe rabos
Tal a tal ca monta
Tinhe radesme nom tinhe radesme
De la vinherasdes de ca filharedes
Ca amabia tudo em soma
Per mil goyvos trebalhando
Oy, oy, vos lombrego
Algorem se cada folgança
Asmey eu porque de terreno
Nom ha hi tal perchego.

“ I cannot make out a line of it,” said Stanisforth.

“ No wonder,” replied the young lady, “ for it has perplexed our shrewdest interpreters. But my father lately became possessed of an old and rare book, in which this *cantíga* is printed, with marginal explanations of a few of the words, by the aid of which he thinks he has made it out. We will get him to give you his version in modern Portuguese. But I tire you with this subject. Perhaps we attach more importance to those two *cantígas*, which I have translated to you, than is their due, because we have a family interest in them ; but they are all three really curious, as the oldest relics of Portuguese lyrical verse.”

“ You are far from tiring me ; but I admire your acquaintance with subjects so remote from the ordinary track of female inquiry. In England you would be set down as a Blue Stocking, and innocent young gentlemen and ladies would shudder at you as at something beautifully dreadful.”

“ Oh, I am but the echo of my father. I know

nothing but what I have learned from him, and that, alas, is little enough. But I thought the English ladies were so much better educated than we are. Can it be a reproach among you that women should cultivate their minds ?”

“ Why, the truth is, that Fashion, our blind despotic queen, commands our ladies to hide what they know, after infinite pains have been taken to instruct them ; they therefore affect to be fools, though they are often far from being so ignorant as they pretend to be. The Scotch ladies are in this respect superior to the English, for they are not so much taught ‘ to hide their light under a bushel,’ so that they are often more agreeable in society than their neighbours. But I need not praise them, for Scotchmen are said to be the loudest and most persevering trumpeters of themselves, and all that belongs to them. But to return to your nation : we English are, with few exceptions, little acquainted with Portuguese literature, and none less so than I ; how grateful I should be if you would condescend to give me a little instruction.”

“ Oh, my father must do that. I tell you,

Senhor, I have no voice on these subjects but as the mocking-bird of the American savannahs. I only repeat the notes of others."

"Pardon me, then," said Stanisforth; "I have trespassed on your patience."

"Not at all; Leonora and I will teach you all the little we know, but we will dismiss you if you are inattentive to your lessons."

"Agreed; there is little chance of my incurring the punishment. Shall we begin now?"

"Now, if you like; but I shall make a sorry schoolmistress."

"First be so good as to give me a brief account of your most admired authors, for we hardly know the name of any but Camoens."

"Then I think you have much good fruit to gather. We have many excellent writers; excuse my national vanity; I suppose you Great Britons are quite free from such a blemish. *We* pretend to rival the Ancients, of whom, by the bye, I know nothing but the names. Bernardim Ribeyro is our Ennius; Saa de Miranda our Theocritus, and much more; Gil Vicente our Plautus and Terence; Camoens our Homer;

Antonio Ferreira our Horace ; Rodriguez Lobo our Cicero in his prose, our Virgil in his pastoral verse ; Fra Fructuoso is our Martial ; Joam de Barros is our Livy ; Affonso d'Albuquerque, though not the historian of his own, but of his father's exploits, our Cæsar ; Gonzaga, the Brazilian, our Anacreon ; Antonio Diniz our Pindar ; Pedro Antonio Correa Garçã our second Horace ; Father Paulino is our Propertius ; and so I might go on till you would be dazzled with the galaxy."

"Bravo ! I shall be happier than any astronomer : these are almost all new stars to me."

"But we claim competition, too, with moderns. Jorge Ferreira de Vasconcellos is our Shakespeare."

"Halt there," cried Stanisforth, smiling ; "I cannot allow that. There has not been, is not, and never will be, a second Shakespeare in the world."

"Ha, ha ! I am much obliged to you for that ; it relieves me from the fear of being condemned for boasting, like the Scotch, whom you just now

stepped out of your way to censure. I see we are all alike ; all our geese are swans."

" But the Swan of Avon is the true *rara avis*, the matchless bird. Besides, if the English and Portuguese will have their geese swans, the Scotch will have their ducks swans, which is too preposterous."

" I know nothing about the Scotch ; but I suspect that they must be worth knowing, for you are jealous of them."

" Perhaps so. What has Vasconcellos written?"

" All that is left of him are three admirable comedies, in prose—the Aulegrafia, Euphrosina, and Olysispe. The severe censorship of the Inquisition has destroyed much of our dramatic wealth. Oh, I forgot ; there are also extant, by Vasconcellos, a New Romance of the Round Table, a Dialogue on the Glory of Solomon, and, I believe, a work called Peregrino, which is, if extant, still in manuscript."

" When did he live ?"

" In the sixteenth century."

" But let us begin at the beginning, if you please."

“ Well, then ; we were in the twelfth century.”

“ Yes ; you were speaking of Gonzalo Hermiguez ; who was he ?”

“ He was, like his cotemporary, Egaz Moniz, a personage of distinguished race ; but all that remains of his composition is that fragment which you have seen.”

“ And which seems all jargon,” observed Stanisforth.

“ So say our own critics. But my father, who was curious about the brother-bard of *our* Egaz Moniz, flatters himself that he has penetrated the heart of the mystery ; but he owns that, after all, there is not much in it. You shall judge for yourself by and by. I can give you no more of that early date, nor can I say any thing of the thirteenth century, nor of the *Cancioneiros* of King Diniz, which are said to be in manuscript ; where, I know not. But Vasco de Lobeira, the author of the renowned romance of *Amadis de Gaul*, lived about the end of the thirteenth century, and died about 1325.”

“ Are you sure that romance is of Portuguese origin ?”

“ I see no reason to doubt it ; besides, I have Portuguese faith. In the fourteenth century we have three royal poets : Affonso IV., his son Pedro I., the latter the fond stern lover and husband of poor Inez de Castro. Alas ! for our hard-hearted ancestor, Coêlho ! he was her murderer ; that is a terrible blot on our escutcheon.”

“ Don’t talk of that,” said Leonora, hastily. “ You have forgotten the other poetical son of Affonso IV., Affonso Sanchez.”

“ True ; but neither his verses nor his father’s are, I believe, preserved. But the songs of the royal lover of Inez are to be found in Garcia de Resende’s *Cancioneiro*, which is, however, a very rare work. The *Cancioneiro Geral*, too, is said to contain some poems of the fourteenth century, with the author’s names, but I have not seen that miscellany. In prose, we have the chronicle of Nun Alvarez Pereira, our famous *Condestabre*. The fifteenth century was in Portugal, as in Spain, the period during which the greatest number of the old national songs and romances were produced. Our neighbours, the Galicians, were then, perhaps, the most romantic and senti-

mental people in the world. I should like to tell you the story of the Galician poet and knight, Macias, styled 'the Enamoured and the Great.' It is remarkable."

"It will, no doubt, be a charming digression," said Stanisforth.

The young lady hesitated. "But no, I will not digress. You are, by your own account, in your A B C of our native literature. Let us attend to that."

"I will attend to any thing that you deign to teach me."

"What a docile pupil! Leonora, give him some sweetmeats."

"Nonsense, my dear sister; go on. We are now coming to the sixteenth century; that is the era of our literary glory."

"True," resumed Francisca. "There is Bernardim Ribeiro; he was moço fidalgo, groom of the chambers, to King Emanuel. We have his works here. You must read them. If you can get through his four eclogues, your patience will not be unrewarded; they are the most ancient bucolics preserved in Spain, and beautiful in

spite of repetitions that weary. His prose romance, *Menina e Moça*, the Young Maiden, or the Melancholy Reveries of Ribeiro, is a most curious, tedious, and mystified, yet eloquent and tender, history of the romantic author's feelings and love-adventures, under the disguise of feigned names, and a labyrinth of involutions; for he dared not to express himself clearly—the matter was too dangerous. The aspiring heart of this enthusiast soared, like Tasso's, at lofty game, but his caution preserved him from a similar doom; and the *Menina e Moça* was not even published till after his death. No less a person than the daughter of his king, the Infanta Dôna Beatrice, was the object of his passion. He would often pass his lonely nights in wandering in the forest, venting his despair in song, with no listeners but the winds and waters. It was, possibly, on one of these occasions, that he witnessed, by one of our glorious moonlights, a little sylvan incident, which he very delicately relates.

“ ‘ I had not,’ says he, ‘ been long pausing in this mournful mood, when I saw a nightingale perch upon a bough that hung over a brook, and

it began singing so richly, that I listened with entranced attention ; and it went on with its passionate music, still increasing the force of its pathetic tones, till, as if exhausted, its voice languished to a murmuring cadence ; but then again it raised its notes as powerfully as before. At last, poor little rapturous bird, in the very midst of song, it fell dead into the stream, carrying down with it many of the fresh young leaves. Such a disastrous chance seemed a sad omen in that lonely grove. The little bird and the green leaves floated down the current together, and I would have snatched it up, but the swiftness of the stream hurried it from my sight, behind the intervening bushes at a turn of the water, just below. It so touched me to witness the sudden fate of the feathered melodist, who was singing so earnestly but a moment before, that I could not repress my tears.'

“ After all, this fervid spirit was sobered down to a rational domestic character, by marriage with a lady of his own rank ; and he is reported to have been a good and attached husband, though his wife was not handsome, and in spite of certain

occasional aberrations of his muse, in which he pretends to be inconstant. His wife died while he was yet in the prime of life, and he cherished her memory in singleness for the rest of his days.

“ In the writings of Bernardim Ribeiro there is little or nothing that can be called sublime ; but they breathe the very genius of melancholy tenderness.

“ Christovam Falcam also flourished in Ribeiro’s time, and was a poet of eminent reputation. He was a gentleman of birth, and loved the fair Maria Brandon, whose family claim to be of royal English lineage. Under the name of Crisfal he wrote a long and much admired eclogue on his love, and so won the heart of his lofty beauty. ‘ A Dryad,’ he says, ‘ who overheard his songs, carved the choicest thoughts on the bark of a young poplar, saying that her intention in inscribing them there was, that with the growth of the tree they might rise above the reach of abject eyes. He married his Maria clandestinely, for which, at the instance of her incensed relations, he suffered durance for no less

a term than five years ; and he beguiled part of his captivity by composing lyrics in honour of his stolen bride. He was afterwards distinguished by the favour of his king, honoured with the Order of Christ, and made an admiral of the fleet and governor of Madeira.

“ But now we come to still more illustrious names.

“ Of Gil Vicente, our earliest and most famous dramatist, I can say little ; for I know nothing about his works, and next to nothing about himself. He is said to be the parent of the Spanish drama, an honour which the Spaniards refuse him in favour of their own Torres Naharro, who was, however, his contemporary ; and, as the matter is dubious, I would by no means give up his claim, if my countrymen were less strangely indifferent about it. Erasmus learned Portuguese on purpose to read Gil Vicente, whose fame was European ; yet, to the Portuguese of the nineteenth century, our countryman’s works are as a sealed letter ;* only two or three copies

* And so they continued to be till the year 1834, when, from the copy at Gottingen, two spirited young Portuguese

are known in the world, I believe. My father, who has energy in such researches, has read some of his numerous productions in the only copy in Portugal, at the royal library at Lisbon; there is another at Rio Janeiro, in the possession of the king; and the university of Gottingen is reported to have a third. His collected works were published after his death by his son Luis; and of his daughter Paula, whose beauty and accomplishments were of celebrity in her day, an interesting account may be found in a volume that we will shew you—Dieze's edition of Velasquez. It is supposed that Gil Vicente was born in 1470, and died about 1536; but the dates are not certified.

“ Saa de Miranda, who was also of a noble family, was born at Coimbra in 1495, and died

gentlemen, Senhors Barreto Feio and J. G. Monteiro, transcribed, with their own hands, all Gil Vicente's works, and published them in three volumes, at Hamburg, 1834; a patriotic service, for which their country should hold them in honour. Gil Vicente's comedy abounds in wit and humour, and is exceedingly curious, but much of it is too coarse and extravagant for polite taste. The *Autos* are by far the best of his productions.

in 1559. He, too, like Gil Vicente, was brought up to the civil law, which, like him, he speedily abandoned for the muses when he became his own master. He went to Spain, where he cultivated the Castilian language, in which too much of his poetry was afterwards written ; so that he is more a Spanish than a Portuguese poet. He likewise travelled a good deal in Italy, and *Italianized* his taste to a degree of elegance then uncommon in his native land, to which, however, he returned, and where he became a favourite at court. He was of a sensitive and rather morbid temperament, and would often weep without any obvious cause, even in company ; and he was of such an absent and pensive mind, that he would sit mute and musing for hours when among friends, and even strangers. Though he was of a gentle temper, a dispute with a nobleman, who was too powerful to be called to personal account, caused him to leave the court of Lisbon, and to retreat to his own estate of Tapada, near Ponte de Lima, in our district of Entre Douro e Minho, in which delicious country, and in the bosom of his family, he gave himself up to poetry, philo-

sophy, music, and agriculture ; frequently, however, laying aside these peaceful employments to assist in the chase of the wolf, a manly exercise in which he delighted.”

“ What has he written in Portuguese ? ”

“ A few moderate sonnets ; the prettiest of canzonets on Psyche ; two rather tame eclogues ; several letters in verse, one of which, addressed to King John III., is much admired ; two hymns to the Virgin ; a fine elegy on the death of his son, who was killed in Africa, probably on the 18th of April, 1553, certainly not with Sebastian, as it has been conjectured, for Saa de Miranda died twenty years before the battle of Alcaçer Kibir. He also wrote in his native tongue two comedies in prose, which are, however, not national, being, it is said, excellent imitations of ancient classical models. Most of his pastorals, and by far the best, are in Castilian, though the scene is always laid in Portugal. It is a great regret to us that this elegant and philosophical old poet should have chosen a foreign tongue for so many of his valuable compositions.

“ Jorge de Montemayor is also of this era. He

was born in 1520, at Montemor, a small town near Coimbra. He was one of the few of the Portuguese poets of this age who could not boast of a noble origin."

"But no one can deny," here interposed Leonora, "that the greater is his glory for having lifted himself to a level with those bright and noble names."

"Unquestionably," continued Francisca; "and there seems no doubt his own name was humble, for he suppressed it, and adopted that of his native town, Montemor—and even that he *castilianized* into Montemayor—indeed, he may be said to belong to the Spaniards more than to his countrymen, for all his works are written in the Spanish language, and therefore I will say little about them, though they are worthy of particular consideration. His *Diana*, the most celebrated of them, is also the earliest pastoral romance of Spain, and perhaps the first of Spanish pastorals in merit, though not in method. It contains two Portuguese songs, which are, I believe, the only verses he has left us in his own tongue. The history of his life is curious.

While yet very young, he entered, or was pressed into, the Portuguese army, in which he served as a private soldier. He had received no education, but nature had endowed him with a genius for poetry and harmony, and that energy of will which now and then makes such gifts available for great results in spite of the want of fortune. How he became released from military service, whether by desertion or discharge, is unrecorded, so far as I know ; but he wandered into Spain, and there his fine talents for instrumental music, aided by a magnificent voice, to which, too, he could adapt his own impassioned verse, soon brought him into a repute so happy as to attract royal notice. The Infant Don Philip, afterwards the second Spanish monarch of that name, the husband of your Queen Mary, admitted him into his band of court-musicians, whom he took with him in his travels into Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands. But, considerable as were the advantages that he must have derived from so easy an introduction into the world, and fortunate as he might have accounted himself under the patronage of the prince,

Montemayor left Spain with keen regret, for he was fondly attached to a beautiful Castilian. This lady he had celebrated in many an amorous verse before his departure; and her gratitude, perhaps, or her coquetry, encouraged him to believe that his love was requited. But, on his return from his travels, he found Marfida married. He no doubt considered this the severest of misfortunes, yet he owes his brilliant reputation to the disappointment; for he poured out the anguish of his mind in prose and verse; he produced the Pastoral of Diana, and the result was fame, honour, emolument — and the indirect, but not unflattering, tribute, of a thousand imitations. All Spain was charmed with the romantic work, (what pride and pain must his inconstant mistress have felt!) and the Queen of Portugal reclaimed her inspired vassal. He returned to Lisbon, therefore, sure of welcome and distinction among the loftiest of his own land, after having left so glorious an impression of his genius in the country that he had so long adopted. What a contrast between the poor unknown soldier crossing the Portuguese borders,

in precarious hope of earning sustenance in Spain, and now recrossing the same frontier, regretted by the prince royal and the nobles of the kingdom he quitted, to be received with welcome and respect by the sovereign-lady who had summoned him to her presence in his native country! But, alas, we lose him here—for all that is recorded of him is, that he met with a violent death about 1561 or 1562, but whether in Italy or Portugal is doubtful, for the accounts of him differ on that point. By the bye, he has been incorrectly charged with having copied his *Pyramus and Thisbe* from Marino. Though inferior to the *Diana*, it is not at all in the inflated style of the fantastical Italian.

“Antonio Ferreira, another of our first-rate poets, was born at Lisbon in 1528, of an eminent family. It has been asserted that Oporto was his native place. I would gladly believe it, for the honour of our beloved city, but he says himself, in the first epistle of the tenth book of his poems—

Esta cicade, *em que naci*, fermosa,
Esta nobre, esta chea, esta *Lisboa*,
Em Africa, Asia, Europa taõ famoso.

This fair, noble, populous city, this famous *Lisbon, in which I was born.*

“ Like Falcam, Vincente, and Miranda, he studied jurisprudence, and was intended for a public functionary ; and, like them, as soon as he could, he deserted that dry and dusty road to distinction, for the fresh and blooming wilds of imagination. While a student at Coimbra, where he attained, however, the Degree of Doctor of Civil Law, he was charmed with the lectures of Diogo de Tieve, professor of ancient literature, and fondly attached himself both to the professor and his subject. He read the ancient classical poets with delight, especially Horace, but he loved his own native land and language too well to follow the current fashion of writing Latin verses. He learned to think in Greek and Latin, but persisted in writing in Portuguese only ; never even in Spanish, for which we thank him. At the university he not only composed, in the intervals between his college exercises, very spiritual and graceful verses ; but he incited others among the imaginative of his fellow-students to follow his ex-

ample, and some of them were so successful that we are to this day proud of Antonio Ferreira's poetical friends and disciples.

“ Though Saa de Miranda and others discarded our one soft, and sweet, and flexible language, for the stately, or stiff and guttural, Castilian, not so did Ferreira. He was a true Portuguese, and both by practice and precept honoured his native tongue. He inveighed loudly and forcibly against the growing custom, among writers, of excluding their own idiom for that of their neighbours, and he made a vow, which he kept, never to write but in Portuguese. His familiar knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, the refined taste that they had communicated to him, his success in catching their spirit, which almost gives him the air of too close a copyist, the purity of his language, and the wealth with which he adorned it from those classical stores, established his fame among all the frequenters of the court, and all the literary recluses of the college or the convent, the only readers of his day.

“ Though he is ever honoured among us as a great name, I suspect he is not much read now ;

and some will have it that his Latin predilections have made his style pedantic. My father, no incompetent judge, is not of this opinion, though he admits the probability that Ferreira, but for his extreme reverence for the ancient classics, would have taken bolder flights than he ever did, and that, with less learning, he would have been a still greater poet.

“His sonnets are for the most part cold, though some, to ‘the Lady of his Thoughts,’ are delicately tender. Several passages of his eclogues are admirable. His odes are said to possess the true Horacian ease and elegance, and to be as philosophical in matter as graceful in manner. His epistles are also much prized; and his elegy on May has been pronounced exquisite.

“As for moral purity, high patriotism, and enthusiastic love of all that is noble and virtuous, every page that he ever wrote bears testimony in his favour.

“He has left two comedies, *Bristo*, and the *Jealous Man*, both valued for their style, though the many long soliloquies are tedious, being more like homilies than the audible musings for which they were intended.

“But the crowning glory of Ferreira is a tragic wreath. His Inez de Castro, though composed so early, and on a subject till then unapproached by Portuguese poets, however common to them since, is still the noblest drama we possess. It is cast in the Grecian mould, and my father says that the chorusses are unsurpassed by the grandest examples of antiquity. The tragedy is far from faultless; there is not a single scene between Inez and her lover; and there is some want of action. But what vigorous bursts of sentiment! For instance, when Inez, in the presence of the king and his three remorseless counsellors, has her cruel sentence announced to her by the chorus, what does she say? An inferior writer would have made her immediately break out in lamentations of despair or horror for herself: but, no; the doom she hears only suggests the dread that her husband, he for whom alone she would live, the only prop of her life, is already no more; and she asks, ‘Is my lord dead? my prince?’

“Let critics dispute as they will about the greater or smaller degree, if any at all, in which

Ferreira may be indebted to the play of the Spanish Dominican, Bermudez, composed on the same subject, about the same time, and bearing, it is pretended, a great likeness to our tragedy in the plot; let them invidiously point out suspicious resemblances in Ferreira's drama to passages in the Sophonisba of the Italian Trissino, which it is not clear that he ever saw; still, every true Portuguese should be proud of Antonio Ferreira, had he written nothing else but this tragedy of Inez de Castro."

Leonora. "I think the very name of Inez ought to be unpronounceable by *us*, for it is impossible to separate her image from that of our inhuman ancestor and the dreadful retribution that overtook him."

"Perhaps you are right, Leonora, but, unhappily, it has also inspired the finest and best known poetry in our great national epic, so that, alas, the actors in that catastrophe are painfully immortalised."

"Too true," replied Leonora; "but do not dwell on it any longer; introduce your next poet to Captain Stanisforth."

“Jeronymo Cortereal was another of the chivalrous poets of the sixteenth century, and, like most of them, was a gentleman of distinguished birth. In his youth he bore arms in Asia, and served with all the ardour for military distinction then prevalent among the young fidalgos of Portugal. Several years after his return to his native country, where he married, his martial and poetic spirit was still eager with loyal ambition, and he accompanied Sebastian to Africa, taking with him his son, the heir of his illustrious house. The youth perished with the young king and all the flower of his nobles, in the ruinous catastrophe of Alcácer-el-Kibir, and the unhappy father was made prisoner by the Moorish victors. Being at last liberated, after such sufferings of mind and body as must have tamed his fiery nature, he retired to the romantic solitude of his own home, a beautiful estate near Evora. Here he devoted himself to the muses, and here he received a visit from the haughty usurper of the Portuguese throne, whose feelings, not easily touched, were surprised into admiration by the bold precipices and wide prospects

seen from the mansion of the poet. Whether the tribute of laudatory verse with which Cortereal, with more policy than patriotism, greeted his royal visiter, was as favourably appreciated, is unrecorded.

“ You will find a list of Cortereal’s productions (as well as of many more of our old authors) in Barbosa Machado’s *Bibliothèque Lusitana*. Among them is a Spanish epic, the *Battle of Lepanto*; of this I will say nothing, for it always disturbs me to find so many of my great countrymen of this age masquerading their thoughts in the starched language of our neighbours, instead of trusting them in the dress of their own.

“ Cortereal’s *Cerco de Diu, Siege of Cambayo*, is in Portuguese. It is also an epic poem, but not very interesting; the narrative wants animation, and the poetry is much less rich than the diction; it is, however, a remarkable literary monument, and contains some striking descriptions. But the *Shipwreck of Sepulveda*, another of his great efforts, is not without some that are even sublime; and though it wearies by its length, and is insipid when Cupid, and Venus, and Pan,

and Proteus, mar the severe truth of a highly tragical story, it has passages of great and pathetic strength. Witness the death of the lady Leonora, who, with her husband, Manoel de Souza, on their return from India, was wrecked, and perished among wild beasts, or as wild savages. Cortereal has described their fate with the fine hand of a master.

“ Pedro de Andrade Caminha, a gentleman, in the household of Don Edward, brother to John III., was another of the songsters in vogue. He was an intimate friend of Antonio Ferreira, whose taste he shared, but not his genius. He wrote eclogues, epistles in verse, elegies, epitaphs, and epigrams. I fear we must be content to call him only an easy versifier, and, perhaps, the least meritorious of the fashionable poets of his time.

“ But, while so many of the noble and courtly poets of Miranda’s school were luxuriating in the smiles of royalty, and flattered with public applause, and for the most part enjoying the privileges of rank and affluence, where was their great cotemporary, the man superior to them

all? Where was Luiz Camoens? Far from the brilliant court of Lisbon, not one of whose prosperous bards, except Diogo Bernardes, even mentioned him, Camoens, a soldier of fortune in India, acquired a name for valour and adventure long before his intellectual pre-eminence was famous. But why should I tell you his chivalrous and hapless history, which must be already so well known to you, and which it should cause the cheeks of every Portuguese to burn with shame to think of. It makes one shudder with indignant disgust but to glance at the fact that the greatest genius that the Pyrennean Peninsula ever produced, struggled through a long agony of life uncheered, save by his own elevated and enduring spirit; that, where he was not overlooked by the supercilious stupidity of power, he was only noticed to be the victim of official insolence and oppression; and that he died at last in a common hospital, in the metropolis of his own land, without a friend to close his eyes but the poor creature who had been his servant; and that faithful noble fellow was one of the despised and injured race of negroes.

“ You are acquainted with the *Lusiads*. But you must not confine your admiration to his epic work, nor even be content to extend it to his songs. Read his sonnets, his odes, his sextains, his octave stanzas, his *elegies*, his eclogues, and his three comedies. You will find, in all these, abundant evidences of the wonderful elasticity of mind possessed by this most unfortunate and most triumphant of illustrious poetical sufferers.

“ I have told you that Diogo Bernardes was the only one of the poets in fashion who even noticed the name of Camoens. Do you know any thing about him, Captain Stanisforth ?”

“ I never even heard his name till you spoke of him.”

“ Yet he is one of the sweetest minstrels of our land, and his history is not devoid of interest. We of the northern provinces ought to be especially proud of him, for he is our own. He was born at Ponte de Lima, and is therefore called the poet of that delicious river Lima, which the Romans, it is said, named the River of Oblivion, because their legionaries, on its

pleasant banks, forgot their duty, and even mutinied when they received the order of recall to their own country. Bernardes was sent from the court of Lisbon to Madrid, where he resided some time as Secretary of Legation at the court of Philip II. He was recalled by Sebastian to accompany him on that fatal expedition to Africa, where it was intended that he should witness, and record in verse, the triumphs of his countrymen. He only saw their ineffectual gallantry and their total overthrow, and the destruction of his monarch, and of almost all the chivalry of Portugal. Bernardes, after fighting courageously, fell into the hands of the Moors, among whom, like Cortereal, he remained prisoner for a considerable time, during which he fed his melancholy by the composition of elegies and dirges. He was at last restored to his country, where he lived till 1596, having survived his country's glory, both historical and literary; for, again like Cortereal, he had lived to witness the withering usurpation of Spain; and he had outlived his familiar fellow-poets and friends, and also our great Camoens, who died in 1579.

“With regard to Camoens, a stain has been wantonly thrown on the character of Bernardes in the accusation of his having appropriated and published as his own some of the minor manuscript poems of our peer of poets. Nothing like grave evidence of the fact was ever adduced, so that the reproach redounds to his honour, for none but a superior person could be *untruly* suspected of having stretched a furtive hand so high. Those poems, so injuriously pretended to be thefts from such a store, must be good, or they would not have suggested the calumny. To this day it is undecided whether he or Camoens be the author of the finely told legend of Saint Ursula.

“*Francisco* Rodriguez Lobo (who must by no means be confounded with an inferior namesake of the same age, *Fernando* Rodriguez Lobo *de Soropita*, who edited the miscellaneous poems of Camoens, and wrote humorous verses and periodical works) is another, and one of the last, of the lights of this shining age; or rather he may be said to belong to a somewhat later period, for he did not enjoy celebrity till after the beginning

of the seventeenth century. He also was of noble family, but few details of his life have been preserved. He was born at Leiria, was remarked at Coimbra as a collegian of prominent talent, resided in the country during the greater part of his after-life, and was drowned in the Tagus. And is this all that can be told of a man to whom our language is said to be indebted more than to any other author, excepting the great triumvirate, Miranda, Fereira, and Camoens !

“ Lobo is an admirable prose writer, for which, as I believe I have told you, he is called our Cicero. ‘ The Court in the Country, or Winter Nights,’ is the first classical prose work produced in Portugal in our own tongue. But Lobo’s highest dignity is poetical. His epic poem, *O Condestabre*, few foreigners, I fear, would patiently read through ; for even we natives are too apt to consider it as merely a rhymed chronicle of the principal occurrences in the life of our renowned constable, Nun Alvarez Pereira. Yet many of the descriptions are excellent, and among them that of the famous battle and victory of Aljubarrota.

“ But I doubt even whether the three celebrated pastoral romances of Lobo will not be too much for your patience ; yet seldom, perhaps, has assiduity been better rewarded than your’s will be if you persevere in their perusal from beginning to end. You may find them prolix, but you will also find them rich in truth and freshness. The prose parts are elegant, combining links of still more elegant and exquisite verse. As a describer of Portuguese, always Portuguese, scenery, Lobo is unsurpassed, probably unequalled. His shepherds are real shepherds, and his language is that of rural life, which can hardly be said of the style of most of his imitators, of whom he had a superabundance. I will forgive you if you do not read one in a hundred of our other pastoral poets, after Lobo ; not that they are all deficient in merit, but that we are overstocked with that sort of composition, into which the natural sweetness of our idiom, and the pensive tenderness of the Portuguese poetical character, seem to flow naturally.

“ I have now mentioned, I think, all the chief poets of our golden age of poesy. After Lobo,

the seventeenth century is far from being rich ; for the Spanish despotism seems to have impoverished both the soul and body of the country : from the date of Philip's usurpation, Portuguese patriotism, poetry, and glory, were eclipsed and almost extinguished for sixty years ; and they have never since regained their former splendour, though bright glimpses occasionally shew that glory would fain return to her once favourite land of love and enterprize.

“ If the very meagre sketch which I have given you of our poetical pretensions so far, should induce you to study our literature, you will find enough to engage you for some time down to the end of the sixteenth century. And if you should choose to vary your reading with history, you will find some of our best chronicles in the same age—Joam de Barros, for example, whose work, entitled *Asia*, an account of the oriental conquests of the Portuguese, is considered a masterpiece of eloquence. There is reason, however, to believe that Fernam Lopez de Castanheda, his contemporary and most industrious fellow-labourer in the same wide field,

is the more faithful, though much the less splendid, narrator of the two. And this opinion is strengthened in my father's mind by his having perused, at the Santa Cruz Convent at Coimbra, a very curious manuscript, which is nothing less than a log-book of one of Vasco da Gama's ships; and in several instances where there are discrepancies between the two chroniclers, the entries in this log-book are exactly corroborative of Castanheda's statements.

“ The life of the great Affonso d'Albuquerque, by his son of the same name, is another work relating to our eastern triumphs, which will reward your attention.

“ Bernardo de Brito is also an esteemed writer of this prolific age. But his *Monarchia Lusitana* was planned on the strange idea of going as far back as was possible to the imagination, so he fairly began the History of the Portuguese Monarchy at the beginning of the world; and a thick folio volume, which contains the first four books, only brings him to the birth of our Saviour. He nearly completed, however, a second volume; but that had got him no further

than the commencement of modern Portuguese history, and there death put an end to his labours. His style is good, and his descriptive powers considerable.

“ Ferdinand Mendez Pinto is likewise of this age.”

“ That name has obtained a proverbial but not enviable celebrity in Europe,” said Captain Stanisforth ; “ he has been stigmatized as a liar, possibly with as little justice as our own most enterprising and much injured Abyssinian traveller, Bruce, who was scouted for relating things improbable, but most of whose startling assertions have, since his decease, been proved to be facts.”

“ Very likely ; but I was not aware that Pinto’s veracity was impeached. We Portuguese, you know, are good believers ; perhaps it is more for our happiness, both as to things earthly and spiritual, that we should believe too much than too little.

“ But it is time to give you respite ; and I am ashamed of having played the Corinna so long. You must not suppose, though, notwithstanding

what I have said, that we have absolutely nothing of literature to show in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I only wished to skim over the surface of the sixteenth, our best era, with you, to excite your appetite for our neglected feast of letters.

“ By the bye, I have said little of the old romance of our countryman Lobeyro, the original Amadis de Gaul; nor have I noticed the Palmerin ~~de Oliva, by Francisco de Moraes,~~ *of England* though even Cervantes is tender to both those productions in his sweeping ridicule of romances of chivalry.”

“ Of course,” said Stanisforth, “ though you appear to confine your admiration of literary efforts almost entirely to your own countrymen, you admire Cervantes.”

“ Pardon me,” replied Francisca; “ you appear not to understand why I limit my notices to my own countrymen. My apology would be complete if I merely reminded you that all this talk was in consequence of your request that Leonora and I should tell you something about Portuguese books; and she, as you know, like

an idle girl, threw the task entirely on me. But there is another reason for my restricting myself to our native literature. I know nothing, or next to nothing, of any other. A little Italian, and more Spanish, I can read ; but even the authors in those languages I know best by Portuguese translations. As to your northern literature, I am deplorably in the dark ; I hope it is not too late for me to learn.

“But you asked me whether I admired Cervantes. Who can be so insensible as not to be delighted with *Don Quixote*, and, by fancying his history all true, to forget the author ? But Cervantes in that work, I think, uprooted the tree of Spanish chivalry of sentiment. Their chivalry of action they had lost before. After that work flourished, almost all the real dignity that yet remained of the old Castilian character disappeared. The Spaniards were laughed out of their best and noblest feelings ; and they have retained a stiff and stately pride of manner, and an obstinate egotism, after sacrificing at the altar of ridicule all the energy and enthusiasm of sentiment that made their eccentric haughtiness re-

spectable. I think that Cervantes, their greatest genius, has been their worst friend.

“ But I told you I would not be tempted over the Spanish borders ; and here am I, a poor ignorant Portuguese lady, tilting at Cervantes !”

“ Will you then return for a moment to one of your own authors, about whom you said but little, and yet much excited my curiosity — the dramatist whom you called the Portuguese Shakespeare ?”

“ Yes ; Vasconcellos. I will not again shock your sensitive *nationalism* by likening him to your Prodigy. Little is known of the biography of Vasconcellos, and not many of his productions are extant. It is doubted whether he was a native of Coimbra or of Montemor. He was a Knight Professed of the Order of Christ, and was for some time attached to the house of Aveyro, from which he was preferred to a place in the royal Treasury and in the India-house. He was a man of singularly shrewd wit, vast erudition, and an elegant turn of mind ; and his intellectual qualities are fully developed in his writings, which charmed his contemporaries, and

won for him a renown that will not die, though he is just now little known except among our *literati*, and hardly, if at all, known beyond the boundaries of Portugal.

“ He married an heiress, Dôna Anna de Souta, a lady of birth equal to his own. He had a son, Paulo Ferreira, who, while yet a youth, was killed in the ruthless fight of Alcaçer-el-Kibir. He also had a daughter, Dôna Briolanja, who married Don Antonio de Noronha.

“ Vasconcellos died towards the close of the sixteenth century, and was buried beside his wife, in the court-chapel of the convent of the Holy Trinity.

“ Nicolas Antonio says that he was a man whom his companions held in the highest regard for the urbanity of his disposition, his easy attic wit, and the liveliness and grace of his pleasantries.

“ Diogo de Tieve, one of the most distinguished men of learning of the age (I have already casually mentioned him as the literary instructor of Antonio Ferreira) addressed to Vasconcellos a Latin epigram, in which he com-

mends his modesty for suffering his works to be circulated only in manuscript and anonymously, but tells him that he suppresses his name in vain, for that Fame, just to unobtrusive desert, follows those who would avoid her, and will surely carry his name from pole to pole.

“ But enough for one day’s lecture : here is my father ; pity that he had not come in long ago ; he would have interested you much more than I have done.”

Captain Stanisforth did not think so.

CHAPTER VI.

Farewell, then, most gallant Captain,
Farewell, too, my heart's content ;
Think not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent.

PERCY.

A DAY or two afterwards, just when Stanisforth thought himself very fortunate in having obtained another quiet sitting with the young ladies, with no other addition to the party than Senhor Coêlho, who was explaining some portion of an old genealogical family manuscript, he was most disagreeably interrupted by a summons from Major Wilmot, to whom an orderly dragoon had just arrived with a despatch from headquarters. The major, as soon as Stanisforth presented himself, looked at him with an unfeigned expression of regret, the omen of evil tidings. "I have bad news for you, Stanisforth," said he ; "a route for C troop."

“ A route for C troop !” echoed the surprised captain.

“ Yes ; orders for your troop to march to-morrow morning at five o’clock.”

“ And where to, in the name of misfortune ?”

“ To Fontellas.”

“ And where is Fontellas ?”

“ Not far ; about eight or ten miles off, I am told. The quarter-master, it appears, made a mistake in directing your billet-serjeant hither. Only one troop was intended for this place.”

“ Was ever any thing so provoking !” exclaimed Stanisforth, his mask of indifference utterly thrown off. “ Cannot you send Horton’s troop instead of mine ?”

“ Stanisforth,” answered Wilmot, “ a moment’s reflection must remind you that I have no such power. But I tell you what I will do : I will go to Horton, and ask his consent ; and, if I can obtain it, I will ride back directly to the colonel, at Mezaõ-Frio, and request his leave to make the change.”

“ Don’t give yourself the trouble — write to Horton and then to the colonel.”

“No, no, that won’t do. It is easier to pen a refusal than to give it, face to face.” And away he went.

Finding Horton, who was luxuriating in the enjoyment of the best of billets under the roof of the most hospitable of padres, he said to him —

“Horton, one of the troops is ordered off.”

The Yorkshire captain stared and reddened. But, immediately recovering himself, said —
“Then, of course, Stanisforth’s goes, as he is the junior captain.”

“Even so,” said Wilmot, “for it is C troop that is ordered.”

“Oh, that is as it should be.”

“We don’t think so, Horton. Will you excuse me? I have a favour to ask.”

The Yorkshire captain looked uneasy. “Well, what is it?”

“Stanisforth and I are particularly anxious to remain together just now. Among other reasons, I find his knowledge of the language of much service to me here in my capacity of commanding-officer. He is the only one of the six or seven officers here who speaks Portuguese

with any readiness. Will you do me the kindness to take his place at Fontellas, and consent to my application to the colonel to sanction the arrangement?"

"Impossible," said Horton; "that is really too good a joke—what! give up such a berth as this; and lose my fishing, and the Abbade, and his dinners and suppers! It would be uncivil to the Padre. Then I want him to teach me Portuguese. An excellent opportunity. Besides, it would be unfair to my subalterns, who are, no doubt, as well satisfied where they are as I am. No, no; I don't stir without positive orders. Very sorry; but really must decline."

"I perceive," said Wilmot, "that any further discussion, then, of the matter is useless."

"Quite so, my dear major. You know how ready I always am to do any thing reasonable; there is nothing in the world I would not do to serve you; but, in this case, you must really excuse me."

So they parted, and Wilmot returned with his ill tidings to Stanisforth, whose only observation was — "Just what might be expected from such

a selfish personage as Captain Horton. But I have no right to complain. He is strictly in rule."

He might have added that he had often, at Horton's request, when it was the latter's turn on the roster, taken duty for him. But Stanisforth was essentially a gentleman; he would not, even to indulge his spleen, boast of such petty favours conferred by himself, as if he kept a debtor and creditor account of the civilities of life against his friends.

The surprise imparted to the Portuguese family, by the order for the so early departure of their English guest, was evidently painful to them all. On one in particular it threw a gloom, which Stanisforth could not remark without pleased gratitude. It is so sweet to a lover to be persuaded that his absence will make his mistress wretched! Such is the generosity of male tenderness!

The rest of the day passed off dully, though the ladies were of the evening party, to which also came the Abbade, with Captain Horton and two or three other officers, besides the Captain

of Trained Bands, with his Thresor de Cartes ; to which, however, he could draw no attention. A kind hint from Major Wilmot drove these visitors away early ; and the family also retired pretty soon, after every friendly assurance of regard to Stanisforth, and repeated intimations to him, that, as Fontellas was not far off, they hoped to see him as often as his duty allowed him leisure to ride over to Teixeira. Here was some little alleviation to his banishment ; but then the last look of Francisca, when the last “ good night ” was said, and the door was about to close on her, stung him to the heart with a fresh sense of his mischance in being driven away from such an angel.

“ Well, Stanisforth,” said Wilmot, when they were gone, “ this is very unlucky ; but you are not the only loser : what am I to do for an interpreter ? ”

“ Oh ! I dare say you will have ingenuity enough to supply my place : with the ladies, at least, you will require none ; for with those in this house the eyes seem eloquent ministers for the thoughts. Besides, you speak French.”

“ And of what use is that to me here ?”

“ That militant Doctor of Laws, the man with his eternal ‘ Thresor de Cartes,’ speaks French.”

“ Oh, true ; I did not think of that ; he may be of use ; but to be bored with such a babbler ! besides—but, Stanisforth, tell me truly, are you jealous ?”

“ Have I not reason to be so,” answered Stanisforth, rather peevishly, “ leaving such a rival as Major Wilmot under the very roof of ——”

“ You pause, Stanisforth ; I will finish the sentence for you :— under the very roof of the lovely lady of your love. Be reasonable ; I will console you. As far as regards me, you have nothing to fear. I am quite convinced that, against me, you are master of the field ; and I have already beat a retreat, and turned my arms against another object, who does not seem quite so bewitched with you and your poetical quotations as the other. In short, I think I have a better chance with Francisca’s sister, and I mean to be in love with her. But I am a little perplexed even there ; and, though I assure you honestly that I am no longer your rival, either

you or I have yet a rival, and all my penetration is baffled as to which of the two sisters he is manœuvring for."

"You are not in earnest!"

"I am, indeed."

"Who is the interloper?"

"The very man whom you recommend to me for an interpreter. Your friend with the Thresor de Cartes."

"Nonsense; if I was sure of leaving no more formidable rival than that behind me, I should sleep in peace. The man is a fool."

"More knave than fool, I suspect. But I may be wrong. There is something very singular about that individual."

"Hush!" said Stanisforth, "what is that?"

The two friends listened. All was silent within doors; but a slight coughing, once or twice repeated, was heard from without.

"Come into my room," said Wilmot—"that is a signal which must mean something; though I suspect it is not made for us—softly—my window is open; it projects into the street. Leave the light alone. Look there!"

Wilmot had entered the room, closed the door inaudibly, and advanced to the window with his friend. “There!” he whispered.

“Where?—what?”

“There!” he repeated.

Stanisforth now perceived a man under the wall, opposite to the Ladies’ Gallery. The night was still and lovely, and the moon was shining brilliantly; the shadow of the masonry, against which the man stood, made his features undistinguishable. He now struck a guitar, and, in a low, melodious, manly voice, sung one of the tender melancholy modinhas of Brasil. When he had concluded it, the *gelosía* of the Ladies’ Gallery was cautiously opened, and a white handkerchief fluttered approbation. He again touched his guitar, and began another of those lays of love; but he had not accomplished the first couplets before a casement was thrown open from the farther end of the house, and a rough call of “*Quem é?*” Who is there? disturbed the serenader and his audience. The *gelosía* was closed. The musician struck his instrument more loudly and to a bolder measure, and walked

away, chanting a right valorous strain in praise of the brave *Portuguezes* and *Inglezes*, and denouncing death to the *Françeses*. He moved sturdily and carelessly away ; but, as he passed under Major Wilmot's window, he cast a look upward. It betrayed him by exposing his features to the moon. It was indeed no other than the poor, credulous, simpleton, the Doctor of Laws !

Wilmot and Stanisforth returned to the room where they had left lights, and looked at each other for some seconds without speaking. The expression of Major Wilmot's face was tragicomic ; that of Captain Stanisforth's more tragic than comic. At last, Stanisforth exclaimed, " Confound all women !" Wilmot replied, " Confound that Captain of Trained Bands !" and each retired to his bedroom.

The reveillée at four o'clock in the morning did not awake Stanisforth, for he had not slept ; but it roused him from his bed. In half an hour he was ready for the march. In the adjoining apartment he found his kind host, Senhor Coêlho. He expostulated with him : saying, " My dear

sir, did you not take leave of me last night, and promise that you would not get up at this unseasonable hour?"

"I did so," answered the Portuguese gentleman, "at your reiterated instances, and I intended to keep my promise; but some idle vagabond began torturing a guitar in accompaniment to his cracked voice, under my window, just as I had fallen asleep. I never can get a second sleep when my first is disturbed in that manner. It has happened often lately. I was therefore glad to rise at the sound of your trumpet, and I forgive the ballad-singing rascal, as he has been the cause of my seeing you once more."

Stanisforth had little to say in reference to this sore subject. Chocolate was brought in. Wilmot put on his dressing-gown and came out to wish him good-morning. Senhor Coêlho embraced Captain Stanisforth, whose horse was ready at the door, and whose troop already awaited his orders. Stanisforth mounted, gave the word, and marched off. A white handkerchief was waved behind the *gelosía* as he passed under it. He saw it as one that did

not see, and rode on with the frigid air of Death on the pale horse. Yet it was Francisca by whom that white handkerchief was now waved.

CHAPTER VII.

He galloped north, he galloped south,
He galloped east and west,
But only heard a singing-bird,
That kept him from his rest.

Fontellas is an inconsiderable village, on the left bank of the Douro, on the high road between Mezaõ Frio and Regoa. It creeps up one of the several picturesque gorges that here and there intersect the steep border of the river. In the upper part of this gorge are a few detached farm-houses; and in the best of these houses Captain Stanisforth was quartered, in a most pleasant and sheltered bank, overlooking a very pretty dingle, called "O Val das Lavandeiras," which we will rather poetically translate, "the Valley of the Water Nymphs."

The English officer had now been here two days, as forlorn and discontented as a lover

under such untoward circumstances ought to be, in spite of the civilities of the farmer and his servants, which, indeed, were an annoyance that was sometimes insufferable: for they would intrude upon him continually, to offer services that were not required, or to stand staring at him, as if he were some choice monster. His greatest plague in this way was a female domestic, a grim little withered hag, who appeared to be at least seventy, though probably, to judge by her activity, she was not more than forty-five. She was always in his way.

The first night that he passed at Fontellas was a night of wakefulness and suffering, as the romantic reader might naturally expect. But one of the causes of his insomnolence was any thing but romantic. He was tormented with a legion of those brisk little evil spirits, (vulgarly, fleas) that dance and revel away the hours of darkness on the prostrate limbs of wayworn strangers in the south, and who seem to have an especial commission to inflict martyrdom on the bodies of travelling fine gentlemen. These biting black imps would have made it impossible for

him to rest, even if the threatening buzz of mosquitoes, and, that bee in the bonnet, his own ill-humour, would have suffered him to slumber.

In the morning he complained of the nuisance to the furrowed witch above mentioned, and she teased him for an hour with assurances that he was mistaken, in spite of countless wounds which the enemy had inflicted on him ; but, the next morning, at the drowsy hour of four, just as Stanisforth, quite exhausted after another night of equal persecution, had sunk at last to sleep, he was awakened by his door being suddenly opened, and the shutters of his windows thrown wide.

Stanisforth started, rubbed his eyes, and beheld at his bed-side that dark wrinkled beldame, and, behind her, three swarthy ferocious-looking men. He was confused, and inquired in some alarm the meaning of such an intrusion, all the tales of Portuguese assassinations he had ever heard crowding upon his mind.

“What are you all here for?” he asked, in a menacing tone, and trying to reach his pistols.

“ Para matar os pulgas, meu senhor!—To kill the fleas, sir!”

So he was to get out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, because he had complained of fleas, in order that three sturdy farm-servants might assist the housemaid in hunting them up for an hour or two before they commenced their more regular work.

Stanisforth, relieved from his fears, and half provoked to anger, half to laughter, requested them to return in five minutes, during which he hastily dressed, and walked forth into the fair day.

The preceding night had set in with heavy rain after a storm. It was but a passionate shower, after the heat of the day and the growl of the thunder. The morning was beautiful, and even Stanisforth was not proof against its influence, at once animating and soothing. He wandered for an hour or two about the pleasant valley, listening to the songs of the birds, and the songs and laughter of the Lavandeiras, who were already at their work.

After breakfast he returned to the Valley of

the Nymphs, and screened himself from the now powerful sun under a large citron-tree, that at once satisfied the eye by the deep luxuriant verdure of its leaves, gratified the smell by its fragrant germs and blossoms, offered pleasure to the taste by its pale yellow clusters of large mature fruit, and gave promise to the hope by other fruit yet crude and green.

The birds were singing and sporting in the golden perfumed orange-trees, in the black olives, among the fruit-laden lemon-trees, on the fresh broad-leaved fig-trees, among the homely elder-trees, and on the ivied walls, and among the crooked vines, where the large-winged crickets (*grillos*) rung their merry chimes. No creaking of wheels on the dry axles of oxen-drawn cars was heard from the quiet lanes.

Hard by where the English soldier sate, under the citron-tree, with ground ivy and flowering periwinkle at his feet, a bubbling fountain joined its drowsy under-song to the chorus of birds; and there was, below, a stone basin to receive its tribute. Hither the young nymphs from their neighbouring dwellings came

to draw water in red clay vases of antique shape, which, when filled to the brim, they carried away poised upon their heads, without other support, yet so steadily, that not a drop would fall, so erect is their attitude in walking. Among them came Eulalia, the loveliest in form and face of all the dark-eyed maidens of Fontellas. Her's was a southern face of perfect beauty, sweetness, and intelligence, and so exquisitely harmonized, that such a face is not often seen, through a long life, by the wandering mariner, the adventurous soldier, the persevering missionary, the men that visit many climes. She had the black eyes and jet-black hair of her countrywomen, teeth purely white, an oval face, with features for a Grecian sculptor. Her cheeks were clear brown, but not too brown; they were glowing with as rich a hue as the famed peach of Amarante, but delicately glowing, and changeably. There was a rich and sweetly-tempered smile about her lips as she conversed with her companions, but some meaning so sad chastened the expression, that it was impossible for the observer not to suspect that she was unhappy.

So thought Stanisforth as he regarded Eulalia, himself unnoticed behind his leafy screen; and he was right. And what sorrow, thought he, but a lover's sorrow, could be in the heart of so young and beautiful a maiden, in so sweet a valley, on so fair a morning, in that pleasant clime!

The story of her love was short and mournful, as it was related to him in that same valley by a young Franciscan friar. Her lover, a young boatman of the Douro, was drowned, with three of his companions, coming down the river, by their boat being broken on some rocks at a dangerous pass, called the Olho de Cabra. The floods had come down from the Spanish mountains, and concealed the rocks of the river. The Olho de Cabra, and the rock called Cachucho, the Scylla and Charybdis of the Douro, were hidden by the swell of the brown waters. Her lover and his mates were coming down with their boat, laden with the wines of Pinhoe and Valenca. Bacchus and the Nymphs of the Upper Vines had maddened them for their destruction. They came down the roaring waters, singing

boisterous hymns in praise of wine and lawless pleasure; and the lover of Eulalia had forgotten, in the wildness of bacchanal excitement, the quiet valley of Fontellas, the abode of the maiden to whom his troth was plighted.

He and his companions were suddenly sobered by the sense of danger, when they found their boat eddying round and round in a whirlpool among the rocks of the Olho de Cabra. They invoked loudly and piteously the aid of our Lady of Mount Carmel, whose little white oratory, gable-ended, and surmounted with a stone cross, stood near the base of the precipitous mountain that overlooks the place of peril. They called loudly and piteously in vain. Their broken boat was sucked in by the eddy. The mangled body of Eulalia's lover was found the next day, washed ashore on a little sandy bay below the town of Regoa. It was brought up to Fontellas, and buried in the church that stands just above the Valley of the Nymphs.

Two years had elapsed. Eulalia, tranquil and uncomplaining, pursued her humble avocations; the intensity of grief had passed away

and her beauty was undiminished, or had assumed, perhaps, with a shade of suffering, a more touching character than formerly belonged to it. But the youths of Fontellas sighed in vain for her beauty: the young and wealthy fidalgo of an adjacent district had stooped to offer marriage to her, in vain; though he was of a much more comely person than her former humble lover, though he rode abroad on one of the finest mules from Andalusia, though his vines covered the craggy hills of half a parish, and their produce fraught several barks in their spring passage down the Douro to Oporto, and though the arms of his ancient family were carved in stone over the stately gateway of his less stately quinta.

“Poor girl!” mused Stanisforth, when he heard this mournful story, “what a noble feeling heart is in that breast; what an elevated spirit of enduring love lifts her above her lowly destiny! Would that Francisca possessed such a heart! That girl, too, is so like her! But every thing lovely is like Francisca! Yet, what is Francisca to me, with her black eyes for every body,

and her moonlight flirtations for any body! Pshaw !”

He rose, and returned to the house with the young friar who had narrated the story of Eulalia. This was no other than the cousin of Francisca, the young religioner already spoken of as a visiter to Stanisforth at Teixeira, his host's nephew with the family eyes. He had goodnaturedly walked over to see the English captain in his new quarters. On inquiring for him at the farm, he said, he was told that he was out on foot, and had followed, and found little difficulty in tracing him in that narrow valley. He brought kind greetings, as he assured him, from all and each of his Portuguese friends at Teixeira ; and he presently took his leave.

The charm was broken, or Stanisforth would have been more delighted than he was with a visit from any one at Teixeira, especially a relation of Francisca's. That odious Captain—Doctor of Laws, and his Thresor de Cartes, and his guitar, and his love-ditties, and that unpardonable flutter of the white handkerchief to

the midnight musician! No, no, it would be folly and madness—it would be worse—it would be meanness, to think any thing more about Francisca!

But, was he quite sure that it was Francisca whom the Doctor of Laws serenaded? Might it not have been her sister? Certainly, it might have been—yet, even so, what was he to think of one whose sister encouraged the presumption of such an odd, and somewhat vulgar, sort of person, as that Doctor of Laws? There was a bad taste in it, an under-breeding, which might be, probably was, a family failing. He, too, the son of a peer of the English realm, ought he to chain his soul down to a village flirt, who, for aught he knew, had played the artillery of her eyes upon half the commissaries of the Oporto Wine Company!

So meditated Captain Stanisforth, when the young Franciscan had left him, and, so meditating, he ordered his horse, and, so continuing to muse, he rode along, at a canter where he could, at a walk where the villanous road forbade a brisker pace, till he had passed Mezaõ

Frio, without calling on his colonel, and rode up the valley of Teixeira, without glancing at the spots in the river likeliest for trout.

He was now and then greeted on the way by the respectful smile and grave salute of some sauntering dragoon of his regiment. He was greeted by a salutation much more interesting, and, in spite of his suspicious mood and his indignant self-questionings, (with which, indeed, the direction that he took was not quite consistent) he heard it with profound emotion. It was the note of the nightingale! the first that he had heard that year—and he had not yet heard the cuckoo, either! Reader! do you know the importance of this omen? Do you remember Milton's sonnet to the Nightingale?

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;

As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

Stanisforth had the sonnet by heart, and he had faith in poetical omens. He tightened his rein, and listened with rapture to the rich tones of the bird of birds,

Its murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all.

Till now it had always been his lot, at least for the last three years, since first he began to feel that strange mental yearning which the French call "le besoin d'aimer," it had always been his lot to hear the cuckoo first. He remembered exactly when and where: the first time he noticed the mischance was at Roehampton, the second was in his father's park in Lancashire, and the third on the banks of the Wye, as he rode out of Wales into Herefordshire.

Pardon this minuteness, reader! It is the lover, not I, who detains you with these trifling reminiscences. But hark, singularly enough, the voice of the cuckoo now challenges him from

that pine wood to the east ! But it is no longer grating to his ear. “ I defy thee now,” he says, or thinks, “ I defy thy omen, flaunting cuckoo ; and I hail thy vernal voice with pleasure, for I have already heard ‘ the dear good angel of the spring, the Nightingale.’ ”

Thus cheered by Milton, and Coleridge, and Ben Jonson, he eased his hand, and pressed his horse’s flanks, and trotted forward, and presently halted at the house of Senhor Maria Manoel Diogo Balthazar Coêlho, the father of Senhora Maria Francisca Coêlho. But his heart failed him—Stanisforth really had a heart — and he dismounted with some trepidation. “ A soldier, and afraid ! ”

He inquired, not for Senhor Coêlho, but for Major Wilmot, who was riding out. He had not dared to cast a glance at the *gelosía*. He was, however, informed by a servant that the family were at home. He was introduced to the apartment where they usually assembled, and the first person he beheld was Senhor José Alves, the Doctor of Laws, with his *Thresor de Cartes* under his arm.

A flush of disgust came over him, but he returned the Doctor's welcome with the impassive politeness that freezes the approaches to familiarity. Senhor Coêlho immediately entered and embraced him with cordiality. His wife followed. Two young black eyes also welcomed him kindly, but they were not the eyes of Francisca, though very like them: they were Leonora's. But, where was Francisca? He longed to ask, but could not muster courage, till he looked again at the Captain of Trained Bands, and the sight of that man restored him to the self-possession which suppressed jealousy sometimes gives. He hoped, therefore, in a cool, careless tone, that Senhora Dôna Francisca was well.

"Oh, quite well," was the answer, "but she is not at home: she is gone on a visit for a few days to a friend in the neighbourhood."

No sooner had Stanisforth heard this, than he longed to be on horseback again, not knowing why, feeling exceedingly disappointed at the absence of the young lady, yet somewhat relieved to think that she *was* absent when that detestable Doctor of Laws was present. He

could not, however, refuse the refreshment that was offered to him, nor show any impatience to be gone; he therefore waited for the return of Wilmot, and listened to the Doctor's jargon, watching him and Francisca's sister all the time with covert, though persevering, attention, but he could discover no signs of any particular intelligence between them.

When Major Wilmot returned, Stanisforth requested him to ride back a little way with him, and bade good day to his Portuguese friends, leaving his compliments for the Abbade, and promising to return as often as he could.

Major Wilmot informed him that Francisca went away the day before, and that he was so convinced, from his observation of the Doctor of Laws, that the said Doctor was the favoured swain of her sister, though he had not been able to obtain any thing like full confirmation of the fact, (women are so sly!) that he already began to be somewhat weary of Teixeira, where what Stanisforth called his *bonnes fortunes* had so entirely deserted him. He had not the least doubt whatever that it was the handkerchief of

the sister that fluttered thanks to the moonlight guitarist.

Stanisforth felt happier at this assurance: but still *he* was not quite assured, and he was mortified that Wilmot could not tell him where Francisca was. The major quitted him near Mezañ Frio, and Stanisforth rode thoughtfully back to Fontellas.

The antique Abigail of the farm was on the look-out for him, and, meeting him in the doorway, led the way to his sitting-room, and casting a very tender look at him, and then a significant one at the table in the centre of the room, and then another tender glance at him, withdrew, heaving a deep sigh.

CHAPTER VIII.

Vem ca, minha companheira,
Vem, triste e mimosa flor,
Se tens de saudade o nome
Da saudade en tenho a dor.

Come hither, my companion,
Come, sad and tender flower,
For thou art Sorrow's namesake,
And mine is Sorrow's dower.

BORGES DE BARROS.

“WHAT can that old fool mean?” murmured Stanisforth, as the sighing Abigail slowly, very slowly closed the door. “I do believe she is making love to me. The shrivelled pest! What has she left here?” he continued, approaching the table. “Flowers symbolical, as I live! Alecrin do Norte and Amor Perfeito for true love; myrtle for love and grief; a lily for memory; suspiros for sighs; mournful widow and saudade for tears (or for all sorrow, and tender-

ness, and anxiety combined) ; and anemone for caution. And very prettily arranged, too, and set in a crystal goblet of curious shape and quaint graving. Now, had this come from a young lady, it would be flattering enough. What delicate food for sentimental contemplation ! But from that old hag ! How nauseous and ridiculous !”

Tired of himself and the slow march of time, Stanisforth descended before sunset to the main road, and, while listlessly strolling along the river-side, was struck with the air of a brawny mendicant, calling himself a hermit, or a pilgrim, or Heaven knows what, who stood on the side of the road, holding a painted waxen or wooden image, dressed up in odds and ends of silk and tinsel, intended to represent Saint Ildefonso, in whose name he most importunately demanded contributions.

The road was alive with people, on their way to and from Regoa, where the wine-fair was going on. Nothing could be more common than beggars in God’s name on such an occasion ; but there was something in the air, the voice, the

oily face, the bushy brow, and the cunning carnal eye of this tall fellow, that arrested Stanisforth's attention, as he gravely held up his trumpery pence-trap to the bye-passers, especially to the women. He was rarely heeded by the men; but many of the women gave their five or ten *reas*, and scarcely any of them, whether they gave or not, failed to stop and kiss the feet of the saint in the doll-house. One lot of nine women, all old, and black, and withered, came up together, and all successively and most reverentially went through this ceremony, but not a *rea* did they leave behind them.

Stanisforth was diverted with the scowl and grunt of the hermit, when the ninth and last old crone left her kiss without her copper. Having considered him for a while, Stanisforth was convinced that he knew him, and that he was no other than the Captain of Trained Bands in disguise. He therefore drew nearer, and offered him money, that he might examine him closely. The mendicant received his alms, and mumbled a blessing, not at all shrinking from Stanisforth's inspection, and, on the contrary, looking him

full in the face : but the features seemed to have undergone some sudden transformation, for the expression no longer in the least resembled that of the Doctor of Laws, and the voice, too, was as different as possible.

“ Strange,” thought Stanisforth, as he turned away ; “ love and jealousy have surely bewitched me ! This morning I imagined that a girl at the fountain was like Francisca, and now I have been mistaking this beggar for my rival.”

At this moment a boatman hailed him with his “ Do you want a boat, senhor ? let us go.”

Stanisforth stepped into his boat from sheer ennui, and desired him to row up the river. Presently he carelessly asked the man where there was a good place for bathing.

Answer. “ Are you going to bathe to-day ?”

“ Senhor Barqueiro” [Mister Boatman], said Stanisforth, “ I asked you where there was a good bathing-place in this part of the Douro.”

Boatman. “ But, sir, are you going to bathe at this time of the year ?”

Stanisforth. “ Perhaps not ; but only tell

me where I could conveniently bathe if I had such an inclination."

Boatman. "It is too cold yet." (The air was at blood-heat.)

Stanisforth. "You have not yet answered my question. Where is there a good retired place, with a firm sandy bottom, for bathing?"

Boatman. "Oh, some people bathe higher up the river; some lower down, in summer."

Stanisforth's patience was soon exhausted, and he ordered the man to land him, which, being done, he, through ignorance, paid him a new crown, much more than the waterman would have been contented with from a native; and it was not without some difficulty and some sternness that he escaped from his importunity for more, as wise as to the subject on which he had questioned him as when he got into his boat. He pursued his way, or rather wandered whither hazard led him, making a circuitous ascent towards Fontellas.

At last, having rambled, or scrambled, heedless of boundary and fence, Stanisforth found himself very near his quarters, on a rocky bank,

just above a deep large draw-well, not covered at top, but walled round with stone about two feet and a half high, so as to be quite secure, and literally overarched with roses in full bloom, trained over the wall with the appearance of much art.

The place where this well was situated was a small level plot of garden terrace, not too trim, cut into the heart of a hill overlooking the pleasant valley, of which, and of the distant mountains to the east, it commanded a fine prospect. The terrace was shut in on three sides ; on one by the natural rock, on the other two by the scarped sides of the hill, out of which sprung fig-trees, quince-trees, now in blossom, and wild flowers in profusion ; here and there, an orange, or a lemon, or a lime-tree, all richly loaden, ornamented the flat surface ; and trellises of vines, trained on poles above hedges of periwinkle, had been managed with much taste ; the whole forming a beautiful, though fantastic and somewhat forced, combination of shade, and fruit, and flower, in this laboriously excavated recess.

Stanisforth stood awhile enjoying the lovely

prospect, and listening to the chirping *grillos*, whose myriad voices, blended into one, were far from inharmonious, while the whistling cry of the toad not unmelodiously aided their concert.

“ The melody of the toad’s voice !” exclaims the reader ; “ surely the writer of such extravagance must be a madman !”

Gentle reader, you are ungentle: he is not mad ; and he has withal a moderately just sense of harmony. It is much more true of this ugly reptile that he has a sweet voice, at certain seasons, and in certain moods unknown, than that he has “ a precious jewel in his eye.” The sound alluded to is like the fall of heavy drops of rain from trees, after the shower, into a smooth water ; and not unlike to, though much softer than the pipe of the startled snipe, when he mounts up the wind, and whistles defiance to the fowler.

This is one of the small mysteries of nature, which those who roam in lonely places, and who have ears, may hear if they will use them. Stanisforth heard and admired the sound, though, with all his love of nature, he was not so nicely

versed in those mysteries as to be aware that it proceeded from so unpoetical an organ. Then the nightingales poured their flood of melody over the vale, and the moon and stars seemed to become brighter over that delicious music, of which they were the appropriate auditors.

Those wakeful birds
Had all burst forth with choral minstrelsy,
As if one swift and sudden gale had swept
A hundred airy harps.
For never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales ; and, far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide groves,
They answered, and provoked each other's songs
With skirmish and capricious passagings.

“ Alas !” sighed Stanisforth, glancing at his uniform, for he was becoming sentimental, “ a soldier's presence seems profanation in such a scene. But, oh, if Francisca had a heart, and were now present, it would indeed be

‘ All Elysium in a spot of ground !’ ”

His meditations were interrupted by fresh music, more delightful even than all that he had heard. It proceeded from the well, on the steps of which, hitherto unobserved, sat a damsel, who

sang, in the most delightful manner, to a very sweet and tender air, some exquisite verses, by Borges de Barros, on the flower *Saudade*, a song worthy to be classed with Waller's to the Rose.

Nothing could be more touching ; she seemed rather to sigh than to sing, yet every word was distinctly articulated. All heroines sing perfectly, or ought to sing, let critics croak as they will.

No sooner had she finished, than Stanisforth was at her side. It was Eulalia ! She hastily rose in confusion ; but he apologized so earnestly for his intrusion, that she lingered and listened. When he addressed her by her name, she inquired by what miracle he had learnt it.

He told her that he knew her story ; on which she turned away, and appeared doubtful whether to depart or remain ; but he urged her so respectfully to stay for a few moments, that she recovered courage, and said—" But, senhor, by what means did you gain admittance to Padre Manoel's garden ?"

" Indeed," replied Stanisforth, " I hardly know how to answer that question. I find my-

self here by chance after few obstructions ; though such as they are, I might have considered that they were intended to keep out strangers. But who is Padre Manoel ?”

“ He is my cousin, the poor, but good and honest, curate of Fontellas.”

“ Poor,” said Stanisforth ; “ he is rich in such a garden and such a sweet, sweet cousin.”

“ Oh, senhor !” and she averted her face for a minute ; but, when she ventured to look on him again, there was a brilliancy in her eyes, a flush upon her cheeks, an expression of flattered beauty, and yet of reproach, that enchanted and puzzled the English captain.

For an instant he was ungrateful enough to say, or rather to think to himself, “ Is this the melancholy of the broken heart ? oh, woman ! woman !”

But he had not time to muse and moralize, for the damsel sighed, and Stanisforth hated himself for an ungenerous thought, which he now attributed to the blindness of his self-conceit.

“ Do sing me that song again, I entreat you,” he said.

“ Pardon me, senhor, that song was not sung for you.”

“ I know it, alas, I know it ; but do sing it again.”

“ That song, senhor, was sung to a star.”

“ To a star !”

“ To a star, senhor ; do you see that star in the north ?”

“ Yes, yes ; that large bright star.”

“ No, not that, but the one below it ; not the brightest, yet bright and beautiful.”

“ Poor girl !” murmured Stanisforth.

“ Yes, sir ; you say you know my story ;” and she darted a lustrous glance on him, instantly withdrawn ; “ perhaps you are deceived. But is my story, such as you may have heard it, a happy one ?”

“ It is, indeed, a most mournful one,” said he ; “ but you are too young and lovely to pine for ever for what is irrecoverably lost.”

“ If what you say were true, or if I were certain of its truth, I might learn resignation. But doubt and suspense are at times intolerable, yet not always without their consolation of hope.”

“ Hope ! you talk in riddles. I thought that he was quite and for ever lost to you.”

“ Not quite, perhaps ; when yonder star shines clearly, I sing to it in hope and sadness, and it sometimes answers me with bright assurances that I am not forsaken ; but in its brightest moments, when not a cloud is near it, it wavers and grows pale, and my spirits sink within me.”

“ What a lovely unhappy visionary is this !” murmured Stanisforth ; “ would that Heaven had accorded half her sensibility to Francisca !”

“ I think you named Francisca, senhor,” rejoined the damsel ; “ of whom do you speak ?” and she looked at him eagerly, and there was again the smile of exultation, but it was momentary, and her countenance settled into a sad and somewhat anxious expression.

“ Pardon me,” said he ; “ it was an idle fancy of mine ; I have a trick of muttering unmeaning words to myself.”

“ But, senhor, who is Francisca ?”

“ Who, indeed ? I know not. I only know that all that is interesting, all that is lovely, all that is worthy of the interest of the heart of

man, is before me at this moment in the mind and person of Eulalia."

"The heart of man truly!" she replied, with somewhat of a sarcastic air and displeased tone; "but who is Francisca?"

At this moment they were interrupted by a call from a distance for Eulalia.

"That is my cousin, the curate," she said; "senhor, I must wish you good evening."

"Surely I may be permitted to make my excuses to him for having trespassed on his ground."

"As you please, sir;" and she moved away, followed by Stanisforth.

After getting over some steps in a wall, they were in a small field, in which stood the curate's humble mansion, at the side of which was a road, that Eulalia pointed out to the Englishman as the way to the village. But he followed her to the door, where the venerable curate was standing, and made his bow to the Padre, who eyed him with curiosity not overpleased.

Eulalia drew the priest aside, and gave some explanation, which caused the father to advance frankly, and receive the intruder's apology with

kindness. Stanisforth was about to retire, when the padre invited him to enter. He did not require a second invitation.

The padre, after the usual Portuguese compliments, which were as usual no less than assurances that he himself, his house, and all that it contained, were at the disposal of his visiter, quitted the apartment which they had entered, and an old woman came in, and, by the order of Eulalia, brought in tea. While Eulalia prepared it, Stanisforth asked her who taught her to sing so divinely ; to which she only answered :

“ Who is Francisca ? ”

Stanisforth was perplexed by this reiterated question, and the steady scrutinizing look that now accompanied it.

“ Shall I confess ? ” said he.

“ Senhor, our acquaintance has been short, and its formation informal, yet you have asked me many questions, some of them embarrassing enough, and I have answered them all. I ask you but one—Who is Francisca ? ”

“ Well, then, lovely Eulalia, Francisca is the very image of yourself. I could not have be-

lieved in the existence of two sisters so like to each other in figure and features. She is as lovely as yourself; has as sweet a smile, as large and dark an eye, as small a foot, a form as delicately rounded, and of as fine proportions, and a voice —no, not such a voice as your's; but, as to your hearts, I trust that there is no resemblance between them."

"Why so, senhor?"

"Because her's is frivolous and insensible—she is a flirt."

"Take heed, senhor;" said Eulalia, in a soft voice, and with a perfectly amiable smile; "beware of what you say—perhaps I know her."

"How!"

"Perhaps she is my friend."

"What!"

"Perhaps it was she who taught me to sing."

"Incredible!"

"Perhaps her name is Francisca Coêlho."

"Do you practise sorcery? This is bewildering. Who and what are you?"

"Oh, senhor, beware, I say," (her voice trembled as she spoke) "how you judge of women

hastily and rashly ! They are generally better than they seem, until your sex teaches them to seem better than they are. On what do you found your ill opinion of Francisca's heart ?”

“ It is a long story, and, perhaps, one which I ought not to tell.”

“ Then do not tell it ; or, if you choose to relate it, let me hear it to-morrow morning. I shall be early at the well.”

“ Thanks for that, delightful Eulalia ; but reveal to me what you know of Francisca.”

“ At another time. Put no more questions to me to-night : only remember that I inform you that it was Francisca who taught me to sing ; and she was taught by the nightingales, and the stars, and the running waters, and her own earnest spirit. Wild and strange of heart is that Francisca. She is not to be known in a day or in a week. I ought to know her well, for she too is my cousin, which may account for our resemblance. My mother and her's were of the same blood, though you see me in an humbler station of life ; my connections are respectable, and Francisca and I have been friends from infancy.”

Never was man more puzzled than Stanisforth. The curate now returned ; Eulalia rose, and, having served him and his guest with very feeble tea, remained in the room, standing behind the curate's chair ; though even this familiarity is not in conformity to the customs of the country, the females of the house being rarely visible on such occasions, especially to a stranger.

In all his wanderings through the scenes of life, in all the varieties of enjoyments that he had ever experienced, perhaps Stanisforth was never better pleased than during this simple meal, shared with an old man, to whom, such was the tumult and perplexity of his mind, he scarcely addressed three intelligible observations. What was the charm ? The beaming eyes, the suffused cheeks, the arch simplicity of lips, the softly rich yet malicious smiles of that girl behind the curate's chair, who stood there and listened, and occasionally joined in the attempts at conversation, and amused herself with Stanisforth's otherwise frustrate efforts to be amusing. That mysterious rustic behind the chair, in whom there was no rusticity except of garb ; there was

nothing ill-bred or forward about her ; all was modesty in her winning, playful, good-nature, in spite of the equivocal position in which she had ventured to place her conduct before a stranger. But grace vindicates the propriety of measures the most extraordinary, and her's was the grace of nature, perfect in its kind, and of all kinds the best. She was the friend and relative of Francisca, too !

Here follows a description of her dress.

A chemise of purest whiteness, made with very full long sleeves, fastened with a narrow worked wristband, clasped by a small gold button, and ending with a frill.

A chemisette, or habit-shirt, with two broad frills, supported by a very gay yellow silk handkerchief, just open enough to show the stays, which were of coloured chintz, and lace in front, like a stomacher.

A white full petticoat, with a frill at the bottom.

A jacket, with long sleeves, in form exactly like an English lady's habit, but the material dark cloth, with a great deal of braid and a number of little gold buttons.

The outer petticoat of rough dark cloth, cut the same width at the top and the bottom, and of great fullness; the hem of the dress about three inches deep, of different stuff from the dress, and of bright scarlet.

The waist of the jacket was long, and the skirt of the dress arranged in very full, regular, plaits round the waist. The dress was rather short; just above the ankle, discovering a stocking of snowy whiteness, knitted of the thread of the country, and open-worked, like lace.

She wore the wooden shoes of the country, made without heels, and the fronts of gay velvet, worked in bright colours.

A round black beaver hat, with an immense brim, on which were a number of little tufts, or short tassels, crowned this costume; which, however strange or grotesque it may seem to the fashionable *modiste* who may glance at these pages, was in fact of a pleasingly picturesque effect. She wore also earrings and chains of massive gold, roughly worked; and on her neck a rosary.

They were interrupted by a hoarsely whining voice at the outer door.

“ Give a night’s shelter, for the love of God and of Saint Ildefonso, to a weary hermit who has lived for fifteen years, in a cave in Mount Marron, on nothing but acorns and water, except on the days of the Nativity and the Carnival, when a shower of quails, ready roasted, has always dropped at the entrance to his rock ! He is seeking alms to pay for masses in honour of the miraculous quails. Open your door, for the love of God and Saint Ildefonso !”

“ That is a fellow,” said Stanisforth, “ whom I saw begging on the road-side to-day.”

“ Very likely,” said the curate ; “ there are numbers of such poor creatures ;” and he rose and admitted him.

The gruff and sturdy hermit made his obeisances with little ceremony enough, and took possession of a chair near the door, having first placed St. Ildefonso on a stone seat under a window. Eulalia poured out some tea, and, by a movement of her hand, invited him to take it. He rose, approached the table, whence he took

some bread, which he put into a wallet, and the tea, which he took off at a draught, standing.

Eulalia, after examining him for an instant, now that he was near the light, exclaimed — “Heavens ! who is this man ?”

He was returning to his chair, when Stanisforth, on whose mind the suspicion of the afternoon flashed again, said to him, “Pray, sir, do you happen to have such a book as the *Thresor de Cartes* about you ?”

“*Senhor General*,” replied the beggar, in a snuffing cant, “books would be of little use to me, as I do not know how to read. Thanks to my blessed patron, Saint Ildefonso, I have no occasion for such toys !”

“Truly,” said the curate, placidly smiling ; “the worthy man’s answer seems more reasonable than your inquiry, captain ; for how should such a poor creature carry books about him ?”

“Pardon me,” said Stanisforth, after staring at the man, “it was an idle question. I thought I had seen this individual before, under a very different habit.”

“So did I,” said Eulalia, “but it cannot be.”

“ Strange,” said Stanisforth, “ that such an imagination should have seized us both at the same time. In what character, senhora, did you suppose that you had seen him ?”

“ Oh, it is a dream,” answered Eulalia ; “ it is not worth talking about.”

“ This good man,” said the charitable curate, “ wants rest ; I will show him his mattrass.”

“ For Heaven’s sake, do not !” cried Eulalia.

“ How,” said the priest, “ my cousin, is it that you would have me refuse the charity of a Christian to a poor benighted servant of God ?”

“ The Lord forbid that I should wish you to be uncharitable !” said Eulalia, recovering herself ; but she hesitated, and cast a beseeching look on Stanisforth, who immediately interposed.

“ My good man,” said he, addressing himself to the mendicant, “ you perceive that it is not quite convenient to afford you the shelter you require in this house. If you will follow me, I will take care that your wants are attended to.”

The beggar frowned and grunted, which made the English captain the more resolute to remove him ; and he effected it after some friendly re-

monstrances from the curate about the trouble which he was unnecessarily undertaking.

Eulalia thanked him by a look, and, advancing to the door to light them out, held up the lamp to the hermit's face, and then whispered to Stanisforth — “ Be cautious of this man !”

“ Why ? do you know him ?”

“ No, nor can I tell you why : but I have a presentiment against him.”

“ Fear nothing—good night ;” and the two men departed, the beggar having resumed his doll, St. Ildefonso.

CHAPTER IX.

Well fare you, gentlemen ; give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together.

Timon of Athens.

CAPTAIN STANISFORTH'S first inquiry in the morning was for the hermit, whom he had committed to the care of his own servant. He had risen and departed before daylight. Stanisforth repaired after breakfast to the well in Padre Manoel's garden, where he had not been many minutes, when he was gratified by the approach of Eulalia, who came, blushing, smiling, and lovely as the morning, and eagerly asked what was become of the mendicant. At the intelligence that he was gone, her countenance became so animated with pleasure, that nothing could be more unlike the Eulalia of this morning and the same melancholy girl when first seen by Stanis-

forth at the Fountain of the Nymphs, which, with its lively groups of female water-carriers and laundresses singing at their work, they could survey from Padre Manoel's garden.

Stanisforth had seated himself on the well-steps with his companion, who seemed as deeply engrossed with the conversation as he could wish her to be, and two or three hours had flown uncounted ; when, all at once, at the sound of the mid-day bell, the girl, whose eyes were beaming on him, whose ears seemed to have no employment but that of listening to him, whose lips, no longer voluble, were speaking to him in monosyllables, but whose smiles and blushes were answering him in volumes—all at once, this lovely, lounging, laughing coquette was standing erect, with eyes abased and motionless, with hands upraised to her breast palm to palm ; and, as she stood unwavering for a few minutes in this solemn attitude, one might, but for the slight quivering of the lips while she prayed, have mistaken that warm incarnation of beauty for the frigid statue of a maiden saint. The same stillness and the same devotion prevailed at the

fountain below : all stood and reverentially prayed for a few minutes ; then fell again gaily to their occupations and their singing.

“ Eulalia,” said Stanisforth, to whose feelings as a Catholic this impressive custom was grateful, “ everything that I witness in this happy valley almost makes me regret that I too was not born to a lowly and peaceful destiny in a cottage of the *Tras os Montes*.”

“ What, senhor ! a gallant cavalier, like you !”

“ Yes, Eulalia ; for where shall I find, in camp or court, such simple manners, such unpretending piety, as I see here ? and where, in all the glittering circles of refined society, shall I see a being so graceful and bewitching as yourself ?”

“ Shame on you, senhor ! You have not far to go, if you are not the most inconstant of cavaliers—and though I own I do not see in myself one hundredth part of the perfections with which you would invest me, I am quite sure that an acquaintance of your’s of *Teixeira* possesses as many attractive qualities, good or bad, as I do ; and she has a prior claim on your regard. Have you already forgotten *Francisca* ?”

“ I wish I could forget her—or that I could seize your heart and place it in her bosom.”

“ Thank you, senhor ; I cannot part with my heart to Francisca.”

“ Nor to me, Eulalia ? ”

“ To you, senhor ! ”

“ She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.”

Stanisforth observed her emotion with triumph, for he could not but perceive that it would be no difficult task to teach Eulalia to love him, in spite of the account given him of her by the young Franciscan friar. But he was too generous to triumph long. A pang of remorse came over him. He felt all at once the cruelty and dishonesty of exciting sentiments in his favour in one whose humble station in life made it impossible for him to think of marrying her. A stanza in Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night* came to the aid of his reviving sense of virtue, and confirmed it. Yet insensible churls tell us that poetry is, at best, useless to morality, and most frequently injurious to it.

“ You are right, Eulalia,” said he. “ Let us talk of Francisca.”

“ Do you love her, senhor ?”

“ Unfortunately for my own peace of mind, I fear I do but too well ; for I know not what to think of her, Eulalia.”

“ Then think of her charitably, sir. I know her better than you do.”

“ Do you know an officer of militia, calling himself a Doctor of Laws, a man who has always a book under his arm, a Senhor José Alves ?”

“ I have seen him. What of him ?”

“ To which of Senhor Coêlho’s daughters does he pay his court ?”

“ To both.”

“ To both !—the compound coxcomb ! And by which of them is he encouraged ?”

“ Francisca cannot endure him.”

“ Whom does he serenade then, and who waves her white handkerchief to him from the casement ?”

“ Senhor Captain ; you seem to have been vigilant. Be assured that it was not Francisca.”

“ How can you know that ?”

“ Do not be too inquisitive, captain. Rely upon my word ; I do know it.”

“ You probably know also where she is then ?”

“ I do ; but I will not tell you.”

“ Eulalia !”

“ Senhor !”

“ I entreat you !”

“ In vain ; I have not her permission to betray her secrets.”

“ Why should that be a secret ?”

“ She is best acquainted with her own reasons. But do you wish very much to see her ?”

“ Do I wish it ! do I not long to see her with all the impatience of passion in suspense ?”

“ Very good ; you shall see her.”

“ When ?”

“ To-morrow morning.”

“ Where ?”

“ Here.”

“ Ecstasy ! at what hour ?”

“ At eleven.”

“ Kind, beautiful, charming Eulalia.”

“ Very well ; and, in the meantime, I will

take an opportunity of telling her that you have been making love to me these two days. Fie, fie, Mr. Englishman !”

“ Pray, Eulalia, do not tell her that—my admiration of you does not in the least interfere with my affection for her. It is only an innocent and fervent friendship.”

“ Nevertheless, I am angelical ; I have the finest eyes and feet and figure in the world ; I sing like a seraph, and Francisca has no voice and is a heartless flirt. You cannot deny that you have asserted all this, and you cannot justly object to my giving a faithful report of your eloquence.”

“ Now, Eulalia, I almost hate you—who could have thought you so perfidious ?”

“ Thank you, captain ; but you mean to say, who could have thought me so exact a chronicler of your perfidy !”

Stanisforth was confused ; but a smile, very sweet and ingenuous, reassured him that he was safe, and Eulalia glided away, leaving him to blissful anticipations.

As he sauntered homewards, pondering what

he had heard, “ Poor Wilmot,” said he, “ so he has no chance even with the elder sister !— Think of such a fine fellow as Wilmot being successfully rivalled by such an animal as the Doctor of Laws, who has the impudence to divide his patronage too between both sisters !”

Thus musing, Stanisforth arrived at his quarters, and there he was greeted by the ineffably and hideously languishing ogle of the old Abigail, and there also he found the two men whom he had been thinking of—Major Wilmot and the Doctor of Laws !

After the first greetings, “ We have come to dine with you,” said the major. “ Our friend here, Senhor Alves, is about to quit us, and was unwilling to leave this neighbourhood without seeing you, and I have gladly accompanied him thus far.”

“ Are you going back to Coimbra then, Senhor José ?” said Stanisforth, rather surprised and not at all sorry to learn that the Doctor of Laws was to depart.

“ No, captain,” replied the doctor. “ I shall sleep at Regoa to-night, in the house of a friend

of whom I must take leave ; and to-morrow I shall go down the river to Oporto, whence it is my intention to embark for England."

" For England ! Why, surely, this is a sudden resolution, Senhor José."

" Senhor Captain," replied the Doctor somewhat pompously, " every progress made by a traveller is a step towards the mansion of truth. Men who never quit their own country are like ships that are never launched from the stocks. Wisdom, when she descended from heaven, became a pilgrim upon earth ; she is seldom met with but by those who travel. The wanderer over the globe instructs his judgment not to be a wanderer. Vapours, that here below were mud, absorbed, become stars on high. Men who wish to become illustrious should leave their country as the planets quit their cradle in the horizon, and, soaring to the highest region, purify their ascendant powers and double their strength of light. Where would be the fame of Socrates, Pythagoras, and Plato, and of the other sages of antiquity, if, instead of seeking abroad for the information not to be found at home, they had

remained dully on their native soil, like acorns that take root and rot where chance has sown them. Hercules would not have won trophies had he not gone forth into the world to find the monsters that he slew. The Argonauts would never have obtained the golden fleece, had they not undertaken a long voyage. Ithaca would have been the narrow boundary of the glory of Ulysses had he not adventured into distant climes. Men who are always at home are but as poultry that know nothing beyond the perch of their own roost. Intelligent travellers are like those streams that run over veins of silver and of gold, and over gems of emerald and sapphire, and carry away with them some portion of their precious qualities."

The orator paused for breath.

"You have taken a sublime flight, Senhor José," said Stanisforth, "but I think I have read all that before, and not in the *Thresor de Cartes*."

"Perhaps so," said the doctor; "but it is none the worse for that."

"Senhor José," said the major in French,

“ as far as I can make it out, there is something very much like what you have just said in my Portuguese and English grammar.”

“ Exactly so,” replied Senhor José, not in the least disconcerted ; “ it was out of your Portuguese grammar that I learnt that passage by rote ; there is nothing like fortifying one’s-self with good reasons for travelling when one has resolved to make a voyage.”

“ Then you may add to your reasons those of the Cosmopolite,” said Wilmot : “ life is a book, of which he who has only seen his own country has only read the first page.”

“ Precisely so—thank you, major ! Life is a book—life is a book. What follows next ? Life is a book—”

“ Of which,” said the major, helping him out, “ he who has only seen his own country has only read the first page.”

“ Just so ; that is excellent. Life is a book of which—at what time do you dine, captain ?”

“ At five.”

“ Rather late—very good. Life is a book of

which he who—I must go and look after my mule,” and the doctor disappeared.

Wilmot and Stanisforth could now converse freely, and the first inquiry of the latter was about the Coêlhos of Teixeira. He heard every thing that was flattering in compliments to himself from the family ; “ but,” said Wilmot, “ I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that this odd fish, the officer of Trained Bands, has taken his departure from Teixeira. He has certainly made a deep impression on the heart of Senhor Coêlho’s daughter.”

“ Which ? which ? ”

“ The elder, of course ; the only one who is at home ; she was in tears when he came away this morning.”

“ How many tears,” said Stanisforth, “ are sometimes shed for objects totally unworthy of a tear ! ”

“ But this man is not such an ass as we thought him ; he is a very amusing fellow ; and you know how well he sings.”

“ Yes,” said Stanisforth, smiling, “ by moonlight.”

“ Oh, I forgive him that,” said Wilmot, “ and he is welcome to his conquest if I could be sure that he would make a handsome use of it ; but I cannot make him out.”

“ Then I will help you,” said Stanisforth. “ That half-witted half-witty buffoon is not contented with one conquest, but he must have two at a time. What do you think of his making love to both sisters ? ”

“ You cannot be in earnest ! There is your jealousy peeping out again.”

“ Not at all ; I assure you I know the fact from competent authority.”

“ If that be truly so, it is well that he is on his march ; for Senhora Francisca is coming home in a day or two.”

“ Are you sure of that ? ”

“ Her father told me so ; I suppose you will, on this information, find time to pay us a visit again in the course of the week.”

“ Did Senhora Coêlho tell you where she was ? ”

“ No ; and what is very odd, I have not been able to ascertain : all that I could learn is, that she is, as you have been already informed, on a

visit to a relation in the neighbourhood of Teixeira ; but whether east, north, south, or west, I know not. It is of no consequence, as she is coming back so soon."

"Of none whatever ; but will you walk, Wilmot ? I want to ask a neighbour to dine with us, and to shew you his very pretty place, &c. &c., as you are an admirer of the picturesque."

The two friends strolled up to the curate's house, and inquired for Padre Manoel, to whom they were admitted by the old female domestic. The good curate received them with all courtesy, and readily accepted Stanisforth's invitation to dine ; and then led them out into his garden, which Wilmot, for its singularity and its pleasing prospect, thought worthy of high commendation.

But Stanisforth missed its fairest ornament—Eulalia did not appear—yet the assurance that he should to-morrow not only meet her, but one more interesting to him, on that spot, made him linger at the well, till Major Wilmot proposed to change the scene, on which they bowed

to the curate, and sauntered elsewhere, till the hour of dinner re-united the four at Stanisforth's.

A frugal meal under ordinary circumstances was not likely, however satisfactory and pleasant to the individuals concerned, to be signalized by any incident worth notice. It was scarcely over before the Doctor of Laws rose to depart; he took his leave of the two Englishmen in a most affectionate Portuguese manner, clasping each of them in his arms, and kissing both on both cheeks: he also saluted Padre Manoel with much deference. They saw him start on his mule, and returned to their wine.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, when they were complacently sipping their coffee, and Wilmot was congratulating himself on the fine moonlight for his homeward ride, and while Stanisforth was persuading him to stay all night, and return, if he chose, early in the morning, a tumult without and a sudden irruption into the room by the people of the house and others, filled them with surprise.

“Oh senhores, senhores! Aqui del Rey! Here

in the King's name! help in the King's name!"

What was the matter? It was some time before any thing like an explanation could be extracted out of the confusion of voices. But the matter was serious enough. A party of French horse, about twelve only in number, had penetrated as far as the upper end of the village, and had forced some person into a *liteira* borne by mules, and had hurried off with their prize, whom two or three peasants, who had screened themselves behind a wall on hearing the tramp of the retiring horses, knew to be a woman by her screams.

Not a moment was lost by the major in ordering the trumpets to sound to "Boot and saddle;" and in ten minutes Stanisforth's troop was ready.

Stanisforth himself, followed by the curate and the villagers, and directed by one of the peasants, had hurried up to the curate's house. It was locked, and no key was in the door. They knocked loudly, but no answer was returned; on which they burst open the door, and

found no one in the house but the old female servant, who was gagged and tied to a fixture in a back room. As soon as she was released, and able to speak, she confirmed the dreadful suspicion which had already almost overwhelmed the curate and Stanisforth. Eulalia was gone !

Major Wilmot now came up with the troop, and a few words from Stanisforth to him sufficed for an exposition of the case. He divided the troop into three divisions, with one of which he ordered a lieutenant to scour the country to the left, taking care not to go too far, nor without sending videttes forward, making as much haste as prudence and the difficulty of such a country would permit. Another division he sent away to the right, under the charge of the young cornet, with similar instructions, sending with him the troop-serjeant-major to assist his inexperience. With the third division he and Stanisforth rode off as fast as they could along the course indicated by the peasants, but had not gone far till they came to three roads, and there they were at fault. They listened anxiously, but could hear nothing ; Major Wilmot dismounted,

and carefully examined the roads, on one of which he perceived, by the moonlight, the fresh traces of horses' hoofs.

“This is our way,” cried Wilmot, vaulting on his horse. “What road is this?” he cried, perceiving that some of the villagers had now come up on horseback. It was the road to Villa-Real.

“The rascals cannot have gone that way, then,” said the major, “for Silveira's people are there; but I have forgotten one thing—Captain Stanisforth, send an intelligent orderly off to Mezaõ Frio to inform the colonel of what has occurred; for it is impossible to know how many of these Frenchmen may be loose in the country, and there is no time to write.” The order was instantly obeyed. “Send also two men to bring back Senhor Alves, for I begin to suspect foul play from that quarter. But no, it is useless, and we can send to inquire for him before day-break.”

He now ordered two dragoons to ride but a short way along the roads on either hand, while he still resolved on pursuing the middle

road to Villa-Real. The two scouts were to return to him, and report as quickly as possible: but on no account to go on above a mile. He gave the word, "Trot, march!" and on they went at a brisk pace for about a mile and a half.

"Halt," said Major Wilmot. "What is this small object in the middle of the road?"

A dragoon dismounted and picked it up.

"Phsaw!" said Wilmot; "a wooden image in a box."

"By Saint Ildefonso," exclaimed Stanisforth, "we are right! On, on, major, I will explain as we go;" and they moved forward, while Stanisforth in a few words related to Wilmot the visit of the Marron pilgrim, with this very image of St. Ildefonso, to the curate's the preceding night, and the suspicious circumstances attending it. The major doubted the inference; but on they rode.

They had advanced about a league, and were now breathing their horses up a hill through a pine wood, which they cautiously examined right and left, when, at a turn of the road, they were

suddenly charged by small bodies of horse from the rear and on both flanks. A few pistol-shots, wildly exchanged, did little injury to either party ; but the clash of sabres was more serious ; three or four of the English dragoons went down, and not fewer of the enemy. But such a contest could not last long. Wilmot and the rest of his party were surrounded, and, with the exception of two dragoons, who cut their way out, were made prisoners ; for Wilmot's sword-arm was disabled by a sabre-cut from an officer, who then cried out, "*Rendez vous, Monsieur !*"

"The Doctor of Laws, by all that is marvellous !" exclaimed Wilmot, who had no alternative but to surrender or be butchered.

"The Doctor of Laws, by all that is infernal !" echoed Stanisforth, furiously thrusting his sword-point at his treacherous enemy's face ; but it only grazed his shoulder ; on which, a French chasseur fired a pistol at Stanisforth, which, passing through his chaco, just missed his life, but so stunned him that he fell senseless.

On this, the French officer, venting furious imprecations, not on Stanisforth, but on Stanis-

forth's assailant, jumped off his horse, and lifted the English captain from the ground. The latter quickly recovered, and, on opening his eyes, and beholding the face of his supporter, and, perhaps, unconscious of his humane interposition, grasped him by the throat, and attempted to strangle him ; in which he would perhaps have succeeded, such was the strength of his rage, had not two of the French soldiers forced him to forego his hold, without, however, offering him any farther violence, taught forbearance by their leader's previous conduct.

As soon as the French officer could recover breath, he cried out, "*Mille tonnerres !* a thousand thunders, Captain Stanisforth ! you have a powerful gripe ; you have almost choked me. But it is a proof that you are not the worse for that rascal's lead ; I thank you for the hint, though rather a strong one ; for I would as soon be strangled as have you hurt. Major Wilmot, I am sincerely sorry that I have wounded you ; but it was in self-defence, for you plied that sabre of your's with skill and vigour. I trust you will not be seriously incommoded."

Neither of the English officers made any reply, for both were, naturally enough, stung with vexation. Our quondam friend, the Doctor of Laws, now organized his party, which consisted of about four and twenty chasseurs, placing his prisoners, the two officers and four privates, mounted, but disarmed, in the centre, two of his men in the rear leading each a horse of the four whose riders had been killed, and of which two had galloped away into the wood. Short as was the time for these preparations, the cold moon, when they departed, looked upon the nude bodies of the French and English killed ; for in these cases the work of divestiture is usually performed with dramatic rapidity. There lay several gallant fellows, who had probably mothers, wives, children ; but march, march — no more is to be thought of that.

When they had proceeded some time in silence, Stanisforth said, “ Wilmot, I fear you are badly hurt.”

“ No ; I think not ; I have only a pretty severe gash on my arm ; but the blood is already stopped by the air, and I believe it will be of no

consequence. But these poor fellows of our's! I am afraid that some of them are worse off than I am."

"Oh, no, major!" cried the brave fellows, though one of them had a slash across his cheek, and another could hardly sit his horse for a sword-point wound in the leg. Some of the French were as ill at ease, but, like brave soldiers, said not a word about the matter.

"I wish," said Stanisforth, "I could know what has become of the poor girl, but I cannot ask that soldier—doctor—devil."

"Then I will," said Wilmot. "*Monsieur du Thresor de Cartes.*"

The French officer was immediately at his side.

"What have you done with that poor girl, the curate's niece?"

"She is before us, Major Wilmot, in a *liteira*, under a guard of twelve men."

Not another word was uttered till they entered Villa-Real, from which Silveira's troops had been driven, and which was now occupied by the French.

Very tolerable apartments were provided for the two English officers, and a surgeon immediately attended to Major Wilmot. About half an hour after their arrival, a note from the *soi-disant* Doctor of Laws informed Captain Stanisforth that he might go and visit his men, with a guard, if he thought proper.

Stanisforth lost not a moment in availing himself of the permission, and was gratified to see that they were in every respect well treated. He returned to the quarters assigned him, and found all requisite refreshment provided ; while Major Wilmot, in an apartment communicating with his own, had a hospital attendant, and every comfort that was proper for him. Stanisforth, feeling that it might be imprudent to disturb him with conversation, affectionately pressed his hand, and withdrew. They had not arrived at Villa-Real till two o'clock, so that it was nearly dawn when Stanisforth retired to such rest as his anxious situation would allow him.

CHAPTER X.

Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation.

King Henry IV.

THE wound of Major Wilmot was unimportant, but his sense of the misfortune of having been made prisoner was perhaps even keener than Stanisforth's. The latter was a soldier of fashion, and had little ambition for the honours of his profession. In his own corps, though known to be a brave as well as an able and honourable man, he was by no means estimated as a particularly good officer. But Wilmot's character stood justly high in the service, and he had looked up with eagle ardour to the attainment of rank. His hopes were all at once dashed to the earth, for there is no promotion for officers taken by the enemy, till they are released. Here

they were, just as the Fortune of War was beginning to stoop to the star of Wellesley and England, on the eve of being consigned, perhaps for years, to the obscurity of some wretched depot for military prisoners in France; and this by the result of an affair in which Major Wilmot felt that he had rather obeyed the impulse of his feelings than consulted his usually steady judgment.

Stanisforth's reflections, however, were bitter enough. What a contrast did the reality of his condition on the next day present to the romantic vision of love and happiness with which he had deluded himself! His spirit was chafing itself almost to frenzy against the mysterious person who was the author of his calamity, when a note from that individual, couched in the most conciliatory terms, informed him that both the major and he were permitted, at his request, by the General commanding in the place, to be at liberty in the town, on giving their parole not to quit it.

Desirable as such an indulgence might be, Stanisforth rejected it with indignation, stating in his reply that he scorned to accept a boon

granted to the solicitation of a man whom he would consider his deadly foe, till he could wreak on him the vengeance that his infamous conduct deserved, and adding that he considered any overtures from such a source as only adding insult to injury.

Major Wilmot approved of his answer, which had not been despatched many minutes when Colonel Champlemonde was announced ; and to their extreme surprise the Doctor of Laws stood before them, with an air at once easy and erect, and clad in a rich uniform, which his handsome and martial person well became ; so that nothing but the keen sagacity of hatred would have enabled Stanisforth to recognize him at a glance for the drolling Brutus of Teixeira. Stanisforth instinctively put his hand to his side, forgetting that he had no longer a sword.

“ Captain Stanisforth,” said the Frenchman, “ our account shall be settled another day. I have too much the advantage over you at present ; we will not therefore now discuss the contemptuous terms in which you have done me the honour to reply to my communication.

But perhaps Major Wilmot, (bowing to him) of whose health I was happy to receive so favourable a report this morning, will condescend to weigh matters with more patience."

"Sir," observed Wilmot sternly, "situated as I am, I can enter into no parley with a ——"

"Stop, sir!" hastily interposed the Frenchman. "Major Wilmot—I have already, to my unfeigned regret, one quarrel on my hands, and I promise Captain Stanisforth that it shall be fairly fought out in due season: I promise him that on the word of a soldier."

"On the word," angrily cried Stanisforth, "of a spy, a brigand, a warrior against women, a disgrace to the name of a soldier!"

"Enough, enough, sir," exclaimed the other haughtily, "and much more than enough: it is not to you that I now address myself. Major Wilmot, listen to me. You have already suffered much through my means, and nothing on earth shall induce me to do you further violence: you have not yet insulted me—would to Heaven that I could say the same of Captain Stanisforth! After this declaration, I leave it to your sense of

delicacy whether you choose to proceed in the tone that you were beginning to assume."

"After what you have said, sir," the Major replied coldly, "I shall do my best to refrain from offering you provocation; but the most convenient check on my temper will be your absence."

"Well, sir, I shall trouble you with few observations. Your displeasure seems to me more natural than reasonable, for I am not aware that to have seized my enemy even by stratagem would have been at all incompatible with fair warfare; but it was a matter of course that I should do so by force if I could, when pursued by them as I was by you. As for the young woman, perhaps some of you Englishmen think more seriously about such trifles than I do. *Vive la guerre, vive l'amour!* A damsel more or less in your quarters should be no such subject of commotion. But I am already more than half conscious that I have possessed myself of a useless treasure, for I fear I am not to be the Paris to this Helen after all, unless her humour changes."

“ If so,” said Wilmot, “ why not at once make all the atonement in your power by restoring her to her friends? Do this, and vindicate the character of your nation and the honour of your cloth.”

“ Ha, ha,” said the French colonel, somewhat piqued, and not without emotion, which he tried to hide under an air of sarcastic levity, “ the honour of the French army is mightily concerned in that of a damsel of the *Tras os Montes*! Your English morality is truly amusing; especially after both of you have been doing all you could to outmanœuvre me in securing the good graces of the loveliest girls in the province—absolutely poaching on my manor; for I was in possession of the field at *Teixeira* before your arrival.”

Hitherto Wilmot and Stanisforth listened only in disgust: but “ Well, well,” continued the Frenchman, talking himself into a better strain of feeling: “ I repeat to you that I suspect I am to gain nothing by my motion with this obdurate Portuguese captive. So far she has been impracticable, and, whatever opinion you may

have formed of me, I am not the disloyal monster you may take me for ; and I swear to you, by the honour of the tricoloured flag to which you have appealed, that I am incapable of forcing her inclinations, and that she is as yet perfectly immaculate for me."

Stanisforth shuddered and looked incredulous.

"Captain Stanisforth," said the colonel proudly, "you doubt me. Would you believe such a declaration from her own mouth?"

"Loth as I am," replied Stanisforth earnestly, "to accept any civility from you, I own that I would gladly avail myself of your permission to see the poor girl."

"You shall see her, sir : but on one condition. The General is coming to pay you a visit, Major Wilmot, and to ask Captain Stanisforth to dine with him. The staff-surgeon says he must not extend the invitation to you, major, for a day or two. You must both promise me that neither of you will make any complaint to the General to-day about *her* ! He is aware that I have made such a prize, which is no business of his ; but he has intimated to me his notion that I

might have made better use of my chasseurs and of my skill at a *tour de force* against your troop, if I had not hampered myself with a lady in a liteira. Your odd way of representing the matter might strengthen that notion, and I desire not to be compromised."

"We can have no hesitation," said Wilmot, "in making you the required promise on the understanding that it is not to hold good for more than twenty-four hours, after which we shall be free to act according to circumstances, you undertaking to let Stanisforth speak with her in the interval."

"Good," said the colonel. "I shall now leave you, and inform the General that he can pay his respects to you."

"Yes," said Wilmot drily, "he will be sure to find us at home."

The Frenchman smiled at the truism, and, making the most graceful of patronizing Parisian bows, retired.

"What do you think of this?" inquired Stanisforth.

"I think," said Wilmot, "that he now means

fairly by us: but Heaven only knows how soon the ejected devil may find his way back to the brain of such an incomprehensible fellow as that!"

"And I think," said Stanisforth, "that he is only temporising with us for some vile purpose; for do we not know that he is a consummate actor?"

"We shall see," said Wilmot; "the worst of men retain some human feelings; and probably this is not one of the worst of men."

"Appearances are fearfully against him," said Stanisforth, despondingly.

"No, no," said the other, "he is a fine manly-looking person."

"I do not speak of his exterior, Wilmot; now that he has thrown off his other disguises, that is well enough; but so much the worse if, as I fear, it be only the fairer cloak to his dissimulation."

The General was announced; a spare, resolute-looking little man, not devoid of grace and even dignity of deportment. If Wilmot had been his son, he could not have condoled with him with

more kindness of manner than he did on his wound, nor have expressed livelier satisfaction at its being so slight. After some complimentary conversation, and some questions as to the distribution of certain parts of the English force, which were politely evaded, he requested the honour of Captain Stanisforth's company at dinner, and Major Wilmot's pardon for excluding him from the invitation, in obedience, he said, to the orders of that despotic personage, the staff-surgeon.

“ If that be the case,” said Wilmot, “ as I do not like solitary meals, my best chance of dining in any comfort is to ask the favour of the surgeon's company.”

“ I am sure he will accept it with pleasure,” said the General gaily, “ and I will myself be the bearer of your summons to him. But, as he is somewhat of a *gastronome*, he will require something less simple than the diet to which he probably restricts you. I must claim your leave to desire my chef-de-cuisine to contribute to the repast.”

Major Wilmot bowed his thanks. The General then informed the two prisoners that they

would be at perfect liberty in Villa-Real on their *parole*.

“ Pardon me, General,” said the major ; “ my friend and I have determined to take leave of you if possible with less ceremony than Colonel Champlemonde brought us hither. We will not throw away a chance of escape by giving our *parole*.”

“ If so,” said the General, without any symptom of displeasure, “ I must do my best to detain such welcome guests ; I do not get such every day. Captain Stanisforth, a grenadier will do himself the honour of following you to my quarters at six o’clock. Major Wilmot, I salute you ; good morning. I hope we shall become much better acquainted.”

Well as Wilmot might have felt disposed to the cultivation of acquaintance with a person of so much affability, he could not at present but heartily pray for the non-fulfilment of the General’s hope.

Colonel Champlemonde now returned, and requested Captain Stanisforth to follow him. Stanisforth, who rightly understood that he was

about to be conducted to Eulalia, felt his heart moved with a thousand undefined sensations. About this very hour, for it was yet but mid-day, he was to have met Eulalia, by her own appointment, on the curate's terrace at Fontellas, and then and there too he was to have beheld another and a dearer.

He followed his guide through a long passage, at the extremity of which the Colonel opened the door of an apartment, through which also they passed, when, coming to another door, the Colonel knocked at it slightly, and entered the room. A person rose from her seat, but it was not Eulalia: it was a young lady in a black silk dress. Stanisforth gazed in utter bewilderment. It was Francisca! Was it a vision? No, no; it *was* Francisca! In a moment Stanisforth was at her side, and she sank into his arms; but, quickly recovering some portion of her self-possession, released herself from his embrace, and raised her hands to her face to hide her tears and blushes.

“How in the name of Heaven is this!” said Stanisforth, whose penetration was perhaps in-

ferior to the reader's, having been in all probability blinded by his love as well as by female ingenuity : “ surely Senhora Dôna Francisca is not likewise a prisoner ! But where is Eulalia ? ”

Receiving no answer from the lady, he turned fiercely to the French Colonel and repeated his question.

The Frenchman, who had been hitherto more affected than he would have chosen to avow, stared at this demand, and, on its being reiterated with vehemence, laughed outright.

“ Captain Stanisforth,” said he, “ you play comedy with such a serious air ; you do indeed seem in earnest, ha ! ha ! ha ! You Englishmen are the strangest fellows ! You make me laugh when I was half inclined to cry.”

“ Explain yourself, Colonel Champlemonde, or, by the God of heaven, you do not quit this room alive ! ”

“ For Heaven's sake, sir, be calm,” cried Francisca in an agony.

“ Hush, hush, sir,” said the Colonel, in a more imperative tone : “ you will alarm the guard.”

Stanisforth clasped his hands together in an-

guish: "True, true, I am in his power! in every way defeated, baffled, insulted!"

Champlemonde was now convinced that this was no acting, for which, indeed, the occasion would have been ill-selected, but that his English prisoner was under a strong delusion.

"Captain Stanisforth," said he mildly, "what do you desire to know?"

"Is this lady your prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Then, sir, we have indeed an account to settle."

"I know it," answered the other with some sadness, "but not now. Have you any further question?"

"Where is the curate's cousin?"

"There."

"How! Eulalia! Francisca! Oh, fool, fool that I was! how could I have been so duped!" and he gazed at her with dismay and self-contempt for having been so dull of perception.

"Captain Stanisforth," said Francisca, with profound emotion, and not venturing to lift her eyes from the ground, "how shall I dare to

implore your forgiveness for the misfortune into which my foolish assumption of that disguise has betrayed you and Major Wilmot? Oh, would to Heaven that I had not visited Fontellas! I must say nothing of the dreadful situation into which it has brought myself, for I am perhaps justly punished; but what must my friends at Teixeira be suffering? and my poor sister too! For the love of Heaven, sir," turning to the Colonel, "if, as your conduct this morning makes me hope, you have still any feelings left that become a gentleman and a man, undo this horrid tissue of wickedness in which you have entangled us! You alone can save us."

She threw herself on her knees before the Colonel. Stanisforth haughtily raised her, while Champlemonde folded his arms and hung his head in sorrow and thoughtfulness.

After a pause of a few moments, he said, briefly, "Senhora Dôna Francisca, you shall be restored to your parents to-morrow: that is certain. Captain Stanisforth, you and Major Wilmot, too, shall be free, if I can effect your release;

that, however, may not be so easy." He quitted the room abruptly.

During the half hour that he absented himself, leaving Francisca with Stanisforth, the latter learned enough to convince him that, however rash and ill-fated might have been her disguise, it proceeded from a motive which he at least could not heavily condemn, as he was the hero of her romance. Her cousin, the young Franciscan friar, who had escorted her from Teixeira to the house of her other relative, the curate of Fontellas, whom both she and her sister were in the habit of visiting frequently, had, at her desire, deluded Stanisforth with the story already told of Eulalia and her sorrows, which was, however, a true history of a maiden at Fontellas.

Whether he was in her secret, or only attributed the young lady's fancy to some freak of romance without a meaning, or whether even the rest of her family were aware of the motive of her visit to Fontellas so soon after the Englishman went thither, I have not been able to discover in the family biography. Certain it is,

that Stanisforth was a favourite with them, and the more so, because he was not “a heretic;” it would require no dispensation from the Pope to enable him to wed one of “the true faith.” I do not, however, believe that she assumed the character of Eulalia with the connivance, or even knowledge, of her father. It was a deception excusable only in a mind very young, and not at all aware of the censoriousness of the world. But, with all the palliation that can be offered for it under any circumstances, it was a fault, and a great one; and Francisca now felt bitterly that it was so: but Stanisforth was far from judging so severely.

It seemed but a moment since Colonel Champ-lemonde left them:

“How softly falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!”

But there he was again, and with him the General, who gravely approached Francisca, and, in the most respectful manner, expressed his sorrow that she should have been exposed to so much alarm by the misconduct of a French officer.

“If,” said he, “there can be any excuse for

him, it must be in the extreme beauty of the lady whom I see ; and, if any atonement could be made for such an outrage, it might be found in the frankness of his self-condemnation, which I have just heard. But I am far from admitting that any excuse or any atonement can wipe away the foul stain from the Colonel's achievement. By his own confession he is convicted. It is well for him that he has treated you with respect since your arrival here, and that he had the delicacy to give you at least the protection of a female servant, for such I understand to be the case."

"Yes, sir," said Francisca ; "so far I can acknowledge his courtesy. She is in the adjoining room, and has not left me since I was brought to this house."

"But you will probably," continued the General, "be better pleased with better company. I shall recommend your removal to the Franciscan nunnery. The abbess and her sisterhood are, I believe, no friends to the French ; but that will only make her the more willing to receive you." Francisca gladly acceded to this

proposal. "As for you, Captain Stanisforth, and your friend the major, you cannot fairly be considered prisoners of war. I shall only detain you and your men till I can let you go without prejudice to my own service. But, Captain Stanisforth, you *must* now give me your word that you will not attempt to escape."

Stanisforth at once gave him his word that he would not. The General now told Colonel Champlemonde that he might retire, which he did, without uttering a syllable, but not without making a profound obeisance to Senhora Dôna Francisca, and a somewhat ceremonious one to Captain Stanisforth. The lady was then informed by the General that he was ready to attend her to the convent. She called to the woman in her room, and her cloak and veil were brought and put on without delay. The General led her out, and requested Captain Stanisforth to accompany them. A sedan was at the door, and Francisca hurried into it, the two gentlemen attending her on foot. Care had been already taken to apprise the abbess, by a note, of the guest for whom her hospitality was desired. In

a few moments they were within the convent gates, where the General, after receiving her hurried thanks of warm gratitude, and Stanisforth, after he had acknowledged a look eloquent enough to make him happy, left her in security.

Captain Stanisforth, as soon as he could civilly leave the General, hastened to inform Major Wilmot of the happy change in their prospects; but he was anticipated. The Staff-surgeon, informed of all, and deputed by Colonel Champlemonde, good-natured even in his disgrace, had already been there, and communicated the welcome tidings. Time passed swiftly with the two friends, for it passed happily, till the return of the Staff-surgeon, who came to dine with Wilmot, warned Stanisforth to make his toilet for the General's repast. In due time he was seated at the French Chief's right hand, at a well arranged and better served table, among officers of Napoleon's army, many of whose names, some for good and some for evil, but all for gallantry, are well known in the history of the Peninsular warfare.

I will not repeat what was said by these gentlemen, because nothing would be less illustrative of their characters than their conversation. The sternest-featured and stiffest-mannered man of the party was among the gentlest and most humane in conduct, in an army where mildness and mercy were not the fashion, and the most inexorably ruthless among them, in the field and after the battle, was here the gay and jovial good companion. But, for the most part, they were only reserved and civil; and it would have puzzled Lavater and Spurzheim to vindicate their several theories by pronouncing on the real characters of any of these individuals, without a much more studious investigation of features and bumps than civility could warrant on such an occasion.

Stanisforth was struck by the formality of the party, for, with one or two exceptions, there were no careless pleasant talkers; even the General was now starch and stately; there was a repression of the national vivacity which would have been chilling to Stanisforth, but for the attentive courtesy to himself, by which the dulness was

relieved. A band of military musicians in the ante-room also did important service in passing the dinner off.

But such dinners are seldom gay when a stranger is present. Witness our own, where the General is usually as pompously stupid as possible, where the Aidecamps invite you to take wine as if they were propounding some affair of strategy, where profound nothings are asked with solemnity and as deep no-meanings oracularly responded: dinners of staff-smiles, and stiff neckcloths. But though the French repast was long, the sitting after it was short; coffee was introduced, and soon afterwards the party broke up.

Stanisforth found Wilmot discussing with his guest, the French surgeon, the merits of republicanism, the *demerits* of Napoleon, the glory of the Grand Army, and the superb character of Colonel Champlemonde! The doctor was an orator, and Wilmot, with occasional short interruptions of surprise or dissent, an amused listener. Stanisforth was well content for some time to play the part of mute, for he, too, was

astonished as well as interested by the force, the levity, and the startling freedom, of the medical man's notions.

According to him, the French Revolution was so far a splendid failure; inasmuch as its glorious tendencies were for a while misdirected from their course by the selfish perfidy of the man who had been hailed as "the Child and Champion of the Revolution." But in what did the power of this evil giant consist? In the thews and sinews, in the hands, armed with iron, and the hearts, more true than steel, of the youth of beautiful France. Those very hearts and hands would strike him down from his bad eminence; and with Napoleon, the whole tribe of pettier despots, the demi-gods of his creation, the Marshals of the Empire, great as they were for victory, and glorious to their flag, would be swept away: for they were false to the mystic meaning of the tri-coloured emblem, which was Liberty, Equality, and Peace. The very words Emperor and Empire were gall and wormwood to the virtuous hopes of revolutionary France.

"Why have Frenchmen," continued he, "up-

rooted their lily, and scattered to the four winds its flowers, sacred to their loyal prejudices by a thousand years of regal splendour, but that they were sickened of the very name and sign of King? Sickened by misgovernment, by oppression, by the weaknesses and wickednesses of royalty, and the more intolerable nuisance of a pampered, insolent, and worthless oligarchy; a race of privileged bullies, now bullying their master, now his subjects, but always bullies? Sickened by princes, parasites, and priests, who fattened the land with the sweat of our brows, batted on its produce, and spurned us for our pains? And who were we that bore these things? Men. And who were they that did these things? Men, too, until our servility made them demons. We rose, and expelled the demons; and bloody, alas, was the exorcism!

“ Then arose the kings of Europe, and imperiously bade us to resume our chains; we flung them in their faces, and left some pleasant scars that will not soon wear out. A young transcendent Impulse, its name Napoleon, started up and cheered us on: Alps and Appennines melted

away, thrones and towers were shaken from their pride, and republican France was in the majestic attitude to say to the trembling nations—‘ Be at peace ; be free, and equal ! ’ But no : she turned to her adopted Corsican, to him who might have been the most sublime of the sons of men, and she fell down and worshipped him ; and he, intoxicated with incense, sunk into an Emperor. If angels of light and darkness had conspired in unholy union for his perdition, they could not have insured it better than by wounding his brave plebeian forehead with the subtle pressure of the diadem. But he is mad, and must be quieted. To what purpose are these wars of conquest, if they are to be interminable ? This *God of War* may *die*, and where will be his conquests then ? Are they to be divided among his Marshals ? Glorious Alexander ! But let us look to the spot. Soult shall be the lord, the anointed lord, of Northern Lusitania ! And the gallant chiefs who have led our eagles to victory shall bend the knee and kiss the gracious hand of his Majesty King Soult the First, who must borrow the five *quinas* for his arms, having none

of his own that will pass any herald's college in Europe.

“ No, sir, this is not to be. All the choicest spirits of the French army are at this moment united in a sacred cause ; and the irresistible power of our arms will force the nations of Europe and of the world to be happy ; for here even *we must* be despots, because we are the organs of Truth and Justice. The mummeries of priestcraft, the wily iniquities of law-craft, and, finally, the redeeming evils of war-craft, must be annihilated ; and, when the French army has done this, it will lay down its arms at the altar of Liberty, Equality, and Peace, and Truth and Justice will be at hand to sanction the surrender ; and the three-coloured flag shall then wave innocuously triumphant over the world.

“ The means, you will say, are less obvious than the intentions. Is not Champlemonde a gallant and a stirring soldier ? There are four thousand Champlemondes in the French army, and each of those has thousands of inferior, but stout and ready, subordinates. There is not a staff of a General of brigade, of a General of divi-

sion, not a Marshal's staff in the French army, without its Champlemondes. Napoleon, himself, confides his inmost feelings of universal absolutism to men who are determined to baffle him, though he little suspects the determination."

The two English officers had listened, as has been said, with a rare and brief interruption from Wilmot; but the latter now asked the surgeon how he could suppose that so wild a scheme could take effect.

"Wild!" he said — "Russia is with us; Prussia is with us; Austria is with us! But we trust them not. England is with us! and her money will secure the fidelity of the other three: and when England has helped us to deliver the Continent, she will know her own strength, she will turn round upon her own base agents, for their own purposes, her aristocracy, the vilest and therefore the most arrogant in Europe, and she will abate their pride, and the supremacy of the people; each, in its natural division, will be established in all lands; and Industry, Talent, and Virtue, will be the only peers paramount of the world."

“And can you, seriously,” said Wilmot, “hope for such results from the plots of conspirators like Colonel Champlemonde?”

“Sir, excuse me; you know nothing of the brilliant qualities of Champlemonde. He is at once the Alcibiades and the Themistocles of his age. You have seen something of his noble nature, in his conduct to yourselves, to-day.”

“True, doctor; finding his exploit of less avail than he anticipated, he has made some amends by confession, if not by repentance, for his conduct of yesterday. But what do you say to that conduct of yesterday? Or, perhaps, you are not aware that we have known him under another name and character?”

“Yes, yes, I know it all; he conceals none of his wildest frolics from me; and I own that his passion for gallantry sometimes leads him into furious excesses. Were it not for his blind love of women, he might be the greatest man of his age: but, even under the shade of that besetting sin, he often contrives to further the good cause in which he is engaged, and to which his mind is ever awake. But I hope I have said enough to

convince you that my friend is no ordinary man, and must not be judged by ordinary rules. For the rest, time will show whether he is not worthy of your admiration. I do not fear to have committed myself in the least by having so freely disclosed our sentiments to two honourable Englishmen ; for I repeat to you, that your nation and force will be soon coalesced with our's in the grand work that we have in hand. I must not fatigue you with more discourse. I will, therefore, now wish you good repose ; and I hope that, to-morrow, you will have no further occasion for my professional services."

The doctor departed, and the two friends soon afterwards separated for the night.

CHAPTER XI.

Jack shall have Jill,
Nought shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE town of Villa-Real is finely situated on a rock over the river Corgo, and backed by the Serra Marraõ, which stretches away towards Galicia; but, though much the subject of boast among the rural population of the province in which it stands, it is very far from justifying its name: whatever might have been its former splendour, it has now the aspect of royalty in rags. The streets are barbarously rude and uncleanly, even for Portugal; the houses ruinous and poverty-stricken; and the inhabitants squalid.

But it was no longer a prison for Captain Stanisforth. From a window of his apartments

in the large rambling inn where the French had quartered him, he could behold the gloomy-looking nunnery in which Francisca was sheltered. Soon after daybreak he was employed in the contemplation of this interesting prospect, and he continued leaning at the casement in a lover-like mood and attitude of abstraction, till he was roused by the entrance of Colonel Champlemonde into his room.

“ Captain Stanisforth,” said he, with civility, “ you are an early riser to-day, and that is fortunate ; for I bring you tidings that will not displease you. The General finds that he must resign the pleasure of your company sooner than he expected : and he particularly laments that it is inconvenient for him to take leave of you. Do you think Major Wilmot is able to travel ? ”

Stanisforth heard this with surprise and not without suspicion, and, instead of answering the question, demanded what was to become of the young lady ; in reply to which he was assured that she was to accompany them back to her home, not by the direct road, but by way of

Fontellas, and that she was already prepared for the journey.

A note from the French General, which the Colonel requested Stanisforth to take into the inner room to Wilmot, confirmed this information, without giving any reason for so sudden an arrangement. The two English officers were less curious about the motive than eager for the accomplishment of the journey. Major Wilmot declared that he felt no longer the least inconvenience from his wound. In a few minutes, after some hasty refreshment, they were mounted, and on their way to the convent, for every thing had been got ready without their interference. Colonel Champlemonde attended them, followed by twelve French dragoons.

No other soldiers were to be seen in the streets: and Wilmot and Stanisforth could not but remark upon that fact, which, however, was not explained. At the convent-gate were two of the four dragoons of Stanisforth's troop, who had been made prisoners with their officers. The two others, who were wounded, were not yet in a condition to be removed.

The outer gates of the convent were now opened, and a liteira with mules came forth, the mule-bells jingling importantly. The occupant of this vehicle, drawing aside the curtain, and taking one rapid, earnest glance, satisfied herself and her English friends that all was well. Colonel Champlemonde made his obeisance to the lady, which she coldly acknowledged; she then looked eagerly at Stanisforth, as if fearing that she had done wrong, and drew the curtain close.

Colonel Champlemonde now said: "There is your road, gentlemen; I wish you a pleasant ride. Captain Stanisforth, we shall meet again. Major Wilmot, I regret that you are not so much my friend as I am your's. Farewell, sirs: excuse so prompt a leave-taking."

He turned his horse's head towards the east, and galloped out of the town, followed by his escort. In taking the contrary direction, the liberated party perceived a few of the inhabitants cautiously observing them, and it was soon discovered that the French had evacuated the town in the night, and that Colonel Cham-

lemonde and his twelve men were the last of their body. Even their two or three wounded men had been conveyed away in a cart. The English officers did not think it expedient to stop to make further inquiries; and they left the town, satisfied that their own two wounded would be taken care of by the Portuguese, which was as certain as that the French wounded would have been massacred had they been left in the place.

It afterwards appeared, that whatever might have been the motive of the French in sending a strong detachment back upon Villa-Real, which had been left by Silveira in supposed security, it was a false movement that exposed them to be cut off; for not only was Silveira returning with his troops, but clouds of armed peasantry were gathering in every direction, and the French had good assurance of being surrounded in the town if they did not move off with the utmost despatch.

Many of the minor movements at this time, on both sides, are quite inexplicable on ordinary military principles; especially those of the French,

whose operations were perplexed by the Philadelphians.

The retrograde movement upon Villa-Real was probably made on the representation of Colonel Champlemonde; but whether he intended it to serve the cause of the conspirators, by weakening Soult, or merely to favour his intrigue at Teixeira, by enabling him to secure the person of Francisca, and carry her off into Spain, is very doubtful. Preposterous as the notion may seem of his having had the assurance, by some fabricated report, to cause a body of troops to be put in motion merely that he might accomplish the abduction of a Portuguese lady, it is quite consistent with the character of the man. That the younger sister should have been his object, and not Leonora, is also a mystery, that seems explicable by no other solution, than that, with all his brilliant qualities, he was an inconstant and heartless reprobate.

The first and most important object with Stanisforth, and even with Major Wilmot, was to hasten the restoration of Francisca to her parents: but they were obliged to moderate

their impatience to the slow pace of the liteira; this was perhaps well for the major, who was weakened by his wound. But with what different emotions from those with which they had entered Villa-Real did they retrace their road! The morning was lovely, and every thing they saw seemed beautiful: the noble chestnut trees, one of them a giant; the places through which they passed—Sabroso, Panellas, the pretty Val' d'Ermida, “the Valley of the Hermit,” with its vines gracefully trained so as to form a long gothic-arched walk between them. Povoação, the village Alvasoães, with its bridge over the Corgo; that river itself, the fair reaches of the Douro; the very road, which in truth was often execrable, all these and every thing else, were, or seemed, delightful on that day.

Though the distance is said to be less than four leagues, they were full six hours before they reached Fontellas, where Francisca was once more committed to the care of the happy old curate, while a despatch was forwarded to Teixeira to announce her safety. Anxious as she was to proceed immediately to her home, she

was too much exhausted to do so without repose; and the heat of the day was becoming too oppressive, and the priest would on no entreaty permit her to proceed till the evening, for good reasons. He informed her that her father was confined to his bed by an illness with which he was seized on the first shock of the intelligence of the loss of his daughter; that her mother, though inconsolable, had exerted her fortitude that she might do her duty to her husband in his illness; and that her sister, on having been informed of what had passed, and that Colonel Champlemonde was the traitor, had sunk into a fearful state of mind, which was neither apathy nor madness, but some strong and inwardly cherished passion of grief, which seemed too deep for the reach of consolation; for she had not uttered a word on the subject, nor scarcely on any other, since the event was related in her presence.

Thus prepared, and after the rest that had been justly thought indispensable for her, Francisca, well escorted, set out at sunset for her home, where she arrived in a few hours. Her first embrace was for her father, whom she found

already better after the announcement of her safety, and in the expectation of her arrival; and who sat up in bed to welcome her, and was too much affected with joy at her return to remember that she had been imprudent. Her mother, who was at the bedside, could not help disengaging her from her father's arms, and clasping her impatiently in her own. But Leonora, who was also in the room, went on with her embroidery, and had not even risen from her chair. Francisca was hurt and astonished; for not only did her sister greet her with no word of welcome, but she repelled her offered embrace, and, after eyeing her sternly, withdrew to her own apartment.

“Follow her,” said her father, “and compel her, if possible, to disburthen her mind to you. Her silence is dreadful.”

“Follow her, follow her,” said the mother.

Francisca did follow her into their room, and closed the door. Leonora looked at her with a frigid air, but was still mute.

“Leonora! dear, dear Leonora! Why will you not speak to me? Am I not your sister?”

How have I offended you? Answer me, I implore you."

For some time this importunity was ineffectually continued; but suddenly Leonora, fixing a keen glance on her, said in a hurried tone:—

"Francisca! tell me the truth! By what witchcraft did you seduce that man Champlemonde?"

"Sister, you rave! or, perhaps, you jest?"

"Jest!" answered the other sternly. "I neither jest nor rave. Will you affirm that no art of your's beguiled him from me?—that your visit to Fontellas was not contrived to give him the facility of bearing you off, and that that monstrous iniquity was not committed by your consent and connivance?"

"If you ask such questions seriously, injurious and ungenerous and irrational as they are, I will yet not refuse to reply. That man, then, as you know, was to me, at first, only an object of indifference and ridicule. I was surprised to find that he could excite any favourable sentiments in you: till the taste and romance of his midnight serenades furnished some excuse for your par-

tiality, by proving that he could be something better than a buffoon. But, some time after the arrival of the English here, I began to find his visits at the house exceedingly tedious, as he almost always contrived to be in the way on the few opportunities that I had of conversing with Captain Stanisforth. He was already becoming odious to me on this account, when, all at once, he had the effrontery to pretend that it was with me and not with you that he was in love. This was on the very day that Captain Stanisforth left us for Fontellas. I treated the matter as a joke; and immediately formed my resolution. I was determined to leave home as much to withdraw from him, and not to interfere with you, as for another motive, of which you cannot be ignorant, and which alone might have convinced you that I could not be your rival intentionally. Leonora, are you satisfied?"

"Kneel before that crucifix, and swear to the truth of what you have told me?"

"How cruelly incredulous! Well, then by the blessed cross, and by Him who died thereon, I swear that I have told you the truth!"

“Then, I have indeed wronged you by my suspicions, my beloved Francisca. But forgive me, oh, forgive me! You do not know what I have suffered.” She embraced Francisca, and wept abundantly. She proceeded. “Answer me one question more? Were you aware before you left home that José Alves was an assumed name, and that his character was fictitious?”

“I had not the slightest suspicion of such a thing. How could I have any when the wretch acted his part so well, and spoke our language like a native?”

“Alas, I likewise acted a part, Francisca, and acted it also but too well, though indeed it was but a passive part to outward shew; for I deceived my parents, and even you, from whom I never concealed a thought before. Know then that when he first came hither, wounded and way-worn and almost starved, in the uniform of an officer of Portuguese militia, he was no stranger to me, and I recognized him at once.”

“You astonish me.”

“His life would not have been safe for five minutes if the fact that he was a Frenchman

had transpired among the villagers. I had presence of mind to subdue my agitation at the moment of his arrival, and prudence or hypocrisy enough, call it which you will, so to demean myself afterwards that no suspicion of our previous acquaintance could be awakened; though you are not ignorant with what assiduity I served him while he was sick and feeble."

"Unkind sister! could you not even trust me?"

"I did not dare, Francisca."

"Did not dare!—unkinder still. But how could you deceive me so well; me, your companion from childhood? I would have sworn that I could read every passing thought on that open brow."

"Ah, Francisca, so you could, till a fatal passion taught me to dissemble."

"But why should you conceal such an attachment from me?"

"Why, why, Francisca? Is it anything extraordinary to conceal one's weakness?"

"Yes; from a bosom friend, from your own sister, when the weakness, as you call it, is so natural."

“ You forget that this man was one of our invaders ; one of the detested race of Frenchmen.”

“ True, my beloved Leonora ; but my patriotism, whatever that of our dear parents may be, is not so severe as to justify my exclusion from your confidence on such an occasion. But when and where had you seen him before ?”

“ I saw him at Oporto on the night after the French obtained possession of the city ; his brave interposition shielded me from the violence of a brutal soldier ; and I, on my part, shed that soldier’s blood in my deliverer’s defence. You well may lift up your hands with dismay ! But can you any longer wonder that I never spoke, except in general and indefinite terms, of the horrors of that fatal night, and of the passion that was written on my soul in letters of blood ?”

“ It was a dreadful necessity, Leonora ; but you take the matter too strongly : there could be no guilt in destroying an enemy, especially one such as you describe him.”

“ That flattering unction I would have laid to my own lacerated spirit, but in vain. I can-

not pursue this subject at present. I will tell you all when I have more courage."

"My poor Leonora! What a wretch must this Colonel Champlemonde be to have trifled so barbarously with your affection! You should disdain him for his unworthiness."

"I will; I will; I do disdain him; but leave me, leave me!"

She sunk into a chair in an agony of tears. Francisca did not leave her, but sat silently by her till she regained composure.

A few days after this conversation, Leonora was persuaded by her sister to go into the air, for the first time since Francisca's return home. She unwillingly complied, though she could not resist Francisca's affectionate way of urging the request; but she was herself surprised at the effect of the fresh air on her enfeebled frame. It was as a bath of balm to her mind, too, soothing tenderly the grief that could not be dispelled.

They had strolled up the stream towards the margin of a wood. They had already communicated to each other every leading particular of their adventures, and were now seated in silence

at the foot of an old cork-tree near the margin of the crooked brawling stream, on which the slant rays of the declining sun were glittering.

Leonora had sunk into a reverie, while Francisca looked towards the north in the direction where her favourite star was shortly to appear. The sound as of men's voices in an adjoining grove of ilex suddenly surprised them. They looked at each other, and then around them with some terror; no human being could be seen; Leonora grasped her sister's arm, and they listened, but they could not distinguish any words of the conversation of the persons in the wood. Presently, the clashing of swords was heard, and the two ladies hurried homeward as fast as fear could hasten them.

They had not far to go, and when they were in safety, they could not but admire their own imprudence in having wandered from home unattended, in such unsettled times, when brigands, guerilla, and deserters, were abroad in all directions. Francisca was relating to her family what had occurred, when, observing that her lover was not one of the auditors, all at once a strong

apprehension seized her, and she eagerly exclaimed—

“Where, where is Captain Stanisforth?”

She was answered, that he went out less than an hour ago, after receiving a note brought by a peasant.

“Gracious heavens,” she cried, “he is murdered! It was no doubt some assassin who decoyed him into the wood, and that accounts for the commotion we heard there.”

She had scarcely uttered the words when Major Wilmot started up, and, calling some of his men, hurried towards the ilex grove. It was now Leonora’s turn to try, conjointly with her mother, to pacify her sister, who could hardly be restrained from following them.

She was on the rack of suspense, when Leonora joyfully exclaimed, “Look, look, you foolish girl!”

She cast a glance through the window in the direction indicated by her sister, and saw Captain Stanisforth alone, walking slowly towards the house. Her delight may be conceived: though now, equally ashamed of her fear and her joy,

she tried to appear calm, and had almost succeeded before his entrance. He seemed flushed and heated, but the state of the atmosphere accounted for that, and his demeanour was so placid, that all suspicion of his having had any share in the wood-incident vanished. So deceitful are appearances !

Yet it was quite true that his life had been endangered in that grove of ilex, that he had fought hand to hand with a stout enemy, that he had been conquered, and that he had come unhurt from the contest by the grace only of his successful adversary. The note that he had received was from Colonel Champlemonde, and ran thus :—

“ I promised you that we should meet again : I am here : in the grove on the left bank of the stream above the village. Come and take your revenge, or let me take mine ; but be secret, and come alone ; for you know at what much greater risk than that of your enmity I thus redeem my pledge. No time must be lost.”

Stanisforth was taken by surprise, and would willingly have deferred, or even declined, such a

contest ; but pride, worldly pride, got the mastery of his better nature ; and made him deaf to the still small voice that whispered, “ Thou shalt do no murder,” and suggested all the meaning of that comprehensive inhibition. He loaded his pistols, concealed them within his coat, and went directly to the place appointed.

He soon discovered his foe ; but so metamorphosed that he could hardly have distinguished him had he met him unexpectedly. His complexion was again darkened, his moustache had disappeared, and he wore a cloak and one of the low-roofed round hats, with ample expanse of brim, common in the country : so that he appeared to be neither Fidalgo nor Labrador, neither gentleman nor peasant, but something between both.

The colonel greeted his antagonist, and complimented him, in good set phrase, on his prompt appearance, which he termed *loyal* ; but he asked him how it happened that he had come unarmed. Stanisforth showed his pistols.

“ Oh !” said the Frenchman, “ those noisy things won’t do at all ; the report would alarm

the country, and what, then, would become of me among these vindictive Portuguese? You are a soldier, Captain Stanisforth, and know how to handle a sword."

"But you see I have no sword with me," said Stanisforth, who was conscious also that he was unskilful with that weapon.

"I guessed that such would be the case," replied the Frenchman, "and I have provided myself accordingly. Here are two swords of equal lengths. Take your choice."

Stanisforth had no alternative but to take one, and stand on his defence. The Frenchman threw off his cloak, and the affair was immediately commenced. But the French colonel at once perceived his own superiority, and he played with his antagonist as a fencing-master does with a raw pupil. He might have transfixed him twenty times, but he was merciful; he played at thrust and parry till the Englishman was out of breath, and then ended the contest with one smart dexterous turn of the wrist, which dislodged Stanisforth's weapon from the grasp, and sent it flying to a distance. He

smiled, bowed most graciously, sheathed his sword, and said,

“ Captain Stanisforth, you really must learn to fence ; you are a child at this work. Adieu, sir ! We are now on fairer terms than we were. When next we meet I hope we shall be friends. But I have no time for further parley : pray excuse me ; my position here is hazardous : my horse is tied to a tree yonder. Once more, farewell ! ”

After these words he retired, and was lost to sight among the trees, before his discomfited adversary could recover from his confusion. Stanisforth returned to the village, as we have seen, but not by the way which Wilmot and his men had taken, so that they did not meet. He was of course silent on the subject of his duel ; and preserved the best countenance he could, while the ladies gave him an account of their panic in the wood, and informed him that Wilmot and his men were gone out to the rescue.

While they were yet talking, a horse was heard galloping furiously down the street.

Stanisforth looked out, and saw that the animal, though saddled, was without a rider. He could not doubt that it was Colonel Champlemonde's horse, which must have broken loose, an accident that made Stanisforth feel exceedingly uneasy ; for if the Colonel were, as he must be, taken by Wilmot and his men, what could convince him that he had not been betrayed by himself ?

He rushed out of the house in great disorder, and made the best of his way up to the wood. Directed by the jargon of voices, he soon came upon the dragoons, among whom, to his extreme grief, he saw a person in a cloak and round hat, Colonel Champlemonde's costume ; but what was his surprise, on advancing to him, to perceive that it was one of his own men !

“ How is this ? James Walker ! Then surely they have killed Colonel Champlemonde. Oh, Wilmot, how could you suffer this ! ”

He turned from Walker to Major Wilmot, from Wilmot to the other men, and then again to Walker, with an inquiring look. Walker laughed, Wilmot smiled, the dragoons grinned ;

but among the dragoons, clad in the English red uniform well fitted, and covered by a shining helmet, with its sweep of black horse-hair, or split whalebone, was one dark stalwart fellow, whom Stanisforth did not know. He grinned too. It was Colonel Champlemonde.

“ Well, Captain,” said he, in French, “ how do you like your recruit ?”

“ Thank God, it is no worse !” said Stanisforth, now undeceived ; “ but I trust, sir, that you do not suspect me of the baseness of having betrayed you.”

“ No, no ; I have Major Wilmot’s word for your innocence on that score ; he tells me that I am indebted to the black-eyed sisters for my discovery : so now the dear creatures and I may surely cry quits. They have their revenge, though they do not yet know it ; and you must be sure to keep my secret, and take measures to silence your men ; for, as I have already told Major Wilmot, if the inhabitants of this savage district once discover that a Frenchman is among them, you and all your dragoons will not be

able to save me from being torn to pieces like a wild beast, by beasts yet wilder."

"As to that," said Major Wilmot, rather haughtily, astonished at the levity and indifference of the French Colonel, "though I have consented to your assuming the disguise you suggested, and though I admit its prudence, I flatter myself that we shall know how to protect our prisoner."

"Your prisoner," said the Frenchman, laughingly; "there you are in error. I shall, however, consent to take up my quarters for some hours with that good fellow who has got my clothes. He and I are acquainted, for he is one of the men whom I released from Villa-Real when I also set you two gentlemen at liberty."

"Wilmot," said Captain Stanisforth, "you cannot mean to detain Colonel Champlemonde."

"I must and will do my duty, Stanisforth, which is to send him a prisoner to head-quarters. I would willingly act otherwise if I could; but I have no authority in the case. I only fear that all our interest exerted in his favour will hardly save him from being shot as a spy."

“Heaven avert such a catastrophe!” groaned Stanisforth.

But Champlemonde smiled. “Thanks, Major,” said he, sarcastically, “for your consolatory hint. Fear nothing for my safety, Captain Stanisforth; I am grateful for your fears, but they are groundless.”

“Was ever,” muttered Wilmot to himself, “such a heartless, heedless, gallant, impudent rascal!” Then aloud, “But what do you mean, sir: you do not suppose that I can connive at your escape?”

“There will be no necessity for that,” replied the Colonel, “till I require your leave of absence. Pray, as I do not speak English, desire my fine jolly-faced cloak-bearer, that Villa-Real hero of the broad-sword, to give me the papers that he will find in an inside pocket of my coat; and, while I think of it, he may as well hand me over my purse, which he will find in the same receptacle; for though I can go without your leave, I can’t get on without gold pieces.”

His wish was complied with.

“What next?” said Major Wilmot, impatiently.

The Frenchman pocketed his purse and all his papers, except one, which he deliberately unfolded, and put into the hands of the Major. It was a safe-conduct from the English General, calling on all whom it might concern to give free passage and aid to the bearer, Colonel Alphonse Champlemonde !

This document puzzled Wilmot exceedingly. He began to think that he had the devil to deal with, or that the Frenchman dealt with the devil. The passport, however, was evidently, by its seal and signature, authentic ; and the Major was not sorry to be so easily relieved from a harsh and painful duty.

“ I congratulate you, sir,” said he, cheerfully, returning the paper ; “ this is very strange ; but I have no right to require explanation ; and I heartily rejoice that you are so well prepared for accidents. But it is inconceivable.”

“ Not at all, Major ; it is the simplest affair imaginable. My friend, the Staff-surgeon, told you at Villa-Real that I was a Philadelphian. In that capacity I have often been in your camps. I have been with Silveira, with Trant, with

Wilson, with Beresford, with Wellesley. But a recent blunder of one of my confederates, a blunder not of the heart but of the head, has so compromised me, that an order for my arrest was issued by the Duke of Dalmatia. The officer to whom he entrusted it warned me to be off, and here I am, really and truly on my way to England this time. You will yet hear of me, perhaps, at the head of a republic in France."

"But, sir, you will hardly show your face at Teixeira; you would not, even if your person were safe, venture to be seen by any member of Senhor Coêlho's family?"

"Why, perhaps not; it might be inconvenient; though it will be a severe pang to my soul to leave the place without one more look at certain black eyes that we know of."

"His soul!" said Wilmot. "It would be a crime to attempt such a thing, after what has passed."

"It would be worse than a crime," said the Colonel; "it would be a folly—to borrow an epigram from an eminent master. But I pro-

mise nothing, for folly is part of my vocation."

"Say, rather," said Stanisforth, ardently, "that you will make the reparation still in your power to a young lady, whose feelings you have so strangely outraged. If your conduct is susceptible of any explanation, I will gladly be your advocate till it is safe for you to appear in person."

"A thousand acknowledgments," gaily rejoined the Colonel; "but, being a republican, I do not admire the royal fashion of making love by proxy. Besides, what could you say? The thing, to own the truth, was too bad for extenuation. But no harm was done; so let us proceed."

"What is the use," said Wilmot in English to Stanisforth, "of expostulation on such a subject with a person who, having no feeling, cannot comprehend how he has tortured the sensibility of Leonora. Poor thing! she is well rid of him. The fellow's heart, if he have one, is made of quicksilver."

They returned to the village; and, having

previously given the requisite caution to the men, lodged Colonel Champlemonde without suspicion. His horse, also, was secured, and committed to the charge of the dragoon with whom he had exchanged clothes. Major Wilmot, who was too indignant to be at ease in his presence, had coldly bade him farewell. But Stanisforth, who felt an involuntary attraction towards this singular being, after the event of the day, paid him a visit at night.

He had got hold of a Portuguese viol, a poor instrument, on which he was playing with extraordinary delicacy and effect, when Stanisforth entered the little room where he was quartered. He laid it by, and embraced Stanisforth with both arms. During their conversation, which lasted an hour or two, the Englishman used every argument that he could think of to persuade the French Colonel to try to soften Leonora's just resentment, and to make atonement to her, after due time, by an offer of marriage.

For a considerable period the Colonel parried his reasonings as lightly and playfully as he had foiled his sword a few hours before ; but, when

pressed with an earnestness which levity could not ward off, he gravely and as earnestly declared the course proposed to him to be impossible. There was, he said, an insuperable obstacle. But Stanisforth persisted: he now urged him by representing the extreme, the intolerable, distress of mind which Leonora must suffer, if he finally deserted her; he described to him how much anguish she had already endured; how deeply, how trustingly, and how fatally, she had loved him.

Stanisforth had touched the right chord — his vanity; and Colonel Champlemonde was moved even to tears; yes, passionate and swiftly-flowing tears!

Strange being! The moment was propitious, and Stanisforth was earnest to follow up his victory. “Now,” said he, “I perceive a redeeming nobleness about you worthy of a Frenchman.”

But the Colonel checked him — almost imperiously. “Not one word more on this subject,” said he, and, placing paper before him, he hastily penned a letter, which was blotted with

his tears. He wrote with a wonderful rapidity. He sealed and directed it, and placed it in the hands of Captain Stanisforth. It was addressed to Senhora Dôna Leonora.

“ Now, my friend,” said the colonel, “ it is time that we should separate ; deliver this at such time as your own good judgment may decide on. But let us exchange tokens that we have met and parted, for God knows when we shall meet again. Give me your watch, and take mine.”

He took from his neck a massive guard-chain of gold, to which was attached a splendid and costly watch, and presented them to Stanisforth, who in vain declined an exchange which was every way unfavourable to the French Colonel, for the Captain’s watch was a very simple and inexpensive one.

“ Unless,” said Colonel Champlemonde, “ you have some family affection for your own watch, I shall think myself ill-used if you refuse it me.”

Stanisforth could not resist, though he felt that it was such a barter as the Greek chief made with the generous Lydian.

After another cordial embrace, and when Stanisforth had explained to the dragoon Colonel Champlemonde's wish that his horse should be got ready before daybreak, the English officer returned to his quarters at Senhor Coêlho's.

At four o'clock in the morning, being about an hour before dawn, a rich and manly voice, accompanied by a Portuguese viol, was heard under the window of the two sisters. The words were an impassioned farewell!

Stanisforth had been feverish and sleepless, and therefore heard the song distinctly. He felt provoked with the musician, both for the imprudence he committed in thus risking his own safety, and for the painful effect that his too well-known voice might produce if heard by Leonora. It *was* heard by both the young ladies, as they lay together. Francisca held her sister closely in her arms, while Leonora clung to her, and struggled and trembled, as if an evil spirit was practising some melodious incantation for her destruction.

The voice was hushed, and presently a horseman galloped out of the town, just as the grey

dawn appeared; and Colonel Champlemonde, having thus taken his leave with a flourish worthy of a troubadour, was no more seen at Teixeira.

The inquietude and nervousness of Leonora for a day or two after the musician's mysterious farewell, was so evident, as to disturb Francisca with unceasing anxiety, and as to be apparent even to those of the family who were unacquainted with the cause. There was evidently something or some person whose apparition she momentarily expected, and that she either desired or dreaded to see. Shuddering, she would cast a look over her shoulder, as if danger was behind her, then withdraw it with an air of satisfaction. She would steal a glance at the casement, and sometimes turn aside with a sigh, as if in disappointment; and sometimes with a blush, as if of shame for her weakness.

It was agreed, on conference between Francisca and Stanisforth, that it would be well to deliver Champlemonde's letter to Leonora, whatever the contents might turn out to be; and also to clear up to her the mystery of his late

visit under her window, by a relation of what had occurred between him and Stanisforth; all of which was now detailed to Francisca, whose heaving bosom and animated countenance amply rewarded her lover for the narration.

Major Wilmot concurred in their opinion of the prudence of terminating the doubts and suspense by which Leonora was so obviously tormented. It was thought improper, by any immediate communications, to incur the hazard of retarding the convalescence of Senhor Coêlho, whom the very name of Champlemonde would have shaken with wrath; nor did Francisca venture at present to afflict her mother with the recital of what had happened.

Francisca was not deficient in the tact necessary to prepare her sister's mind for the reception of her faithless lover's letter. With all delicacy and gentleness, she executed her self-imposed commission; and, having explained the causes of Colonel Champlemonde's return, and the circumstances of Stanisforth's duel and last interview with him, she presented the dreaded epistle to Leonora. It was a whimsical composition;

and, if it made Leonora stare, it could not but make others smile.

“ TO LEONORA.

“ How shall I address the most amiable of her sex? How shall I bid her an eternal adieu, in terms at once expressive of the loyalty of my devotion, and the depth of my grief? You do not know me—you do not comprehend the heart of a Frenchman, nor the greatness of noble sacrifices of his feelings that a chivalrous sense of honour enables him to make. You have thought me a monster, while I was but a martyr—the self-doomed victim of my tenderness for you, and my keen sense of the duty it imposed on me.

“ I found you in distress—I saved you from dishonour—after that, it was not possible to a brave man—to me—to abuse the purity that I had preserved from violation! But you, too, on that occasion, saved my life by a deed of heroism worthy of the Maid of Orleans. You did more; for, when I came to your father’s threshold, a sick and famished wanderer, in a country of

foes, wounded, and in a disguise that deceived all but yourself, you caused me to be relieved from misery, and not only obtained shelter and kindness for me, but restored me to life and happiness by your unwearied bounty.

“ Could I be less, then, than enchanted with you, lovely as you are in person, and adorable in mind? How joyfully would I have fallen at your father’s feet, and, bathing them with my tears, implored him to make me the legal guardian of such a treasure! But I was a Frenchman, and an invader. Was it to be thought of? Yes; those objections were as nothing; my eloquence, my passion, would have overcome them, and your sister Francisca, that angel of sweetness and generosity, would have aided me to win your parents’ consent.

“ But there was another obstacle. I saw a gulf between us which you did not see; but it was impassable. What, then, was to be done? Was I to lose such a paradise of charms? I compromised with my heart. Your sister was so like you in person, that a strong imagination might believe her your exact resemblance in

every thing ; at all events, she was the thing in existence most like you, and, therefore, next to you, the most desirable object in the world. Then, with regard to her, I was comparatively a free agent ; for, while the imperious voice of honour, and the severity of relative circumstances, obliged me to surrender all hopes of possessing you, I was restrained by no such particular obligations of honour and delicacy towards her. I had not saved her life, nor had she saved mine ; and, though she was much my friend, my idea of removing her by a gentle violence was further piqued by her plain partiality for the English officer, Captain Stanisforth, whose high qualities I was not then so ready to admit as I am now. You know the rest. I bore her off, and triumphed in the act, because, forced as I was to quit you, I did not seem so entirely to part with you, while accompanied by one so closely allied to you in blood, and so resembling you in beautiful form and features.

“ After all, the scheme was a failure. The bird was hardly caged ere she slipped away between the frail wires. This was mortifying ; but

a Frenchman, and a soldier, understands the philosophy of suffering. I submitted to my fate; or rather, by my fortitude, awed my fate into submissive silence. But a difference of opinion with Captain Stanisforth, about this affair, drew me into an engagement to follow him, and settle our little quarrel by the sword. Judge what it must have cost me to revisit Teixeira! I do not speak of the personal dangers to which such a course exposed me, but of the mental tortures which I was to endure on revisiting the place of your abode! Your abode, Leonora! But my honour was in question. Regulus returned to Carthage, and Auguste Champlemonde was to return to Teixeira. It is done! I have suffered, and still suffer, more torments than punic revenge could ever have inflicted. But my honour is redeemed.

“Farewell, lovely Francisca, and lovely and beloved Leonora. Oh, raptures, hopes, illusions! burning thoughts and bounding aspirations after beauty, farewell, farewell for ever! I quit this regretted land, never to see it more; for, though compelled to resign the object of my

passion, I will never more draw a sword against the countrymen of Leonora !

“Let me then claim your forgiveness, charming Leonora, and let me even hope that we part in friendship, and that you will remember me with kindness. Are you inexorable ? Are you still incredulous of my sincerity ? Ah, cruel beauty ; judge better, then, of the motives of action of your Auguste ; learn the truth, and appreciate with candour the frank energy of my character, and the loyalty with which I have respected you. *I have a wife and family in France !* Farewell ! farewell !

“Receive the assurances of the

“Most distinguished consideration

“Of AUGUSTE CHAMPLEMONDE.”

It may be supposed that this pathetic epistle did not produce exactly the sort of effect that the writer seemed to have expected from it. So far from extenuating his misconduct, it set it in a light so glaringly revolting, and yet so ludicrous, that even Leonora, when recovered from the confusion of a first perusal, was obliged to

confess to herself that Colonel Champlemonde was in reality a person so different from the creature of her fancy, that she had little to regret in the loss of her Protean lover.

Time and patience restored her tranquillity of mind, but did not blunt her sensibility, though she often talked of taking the veil. It was not written that she was to be a nun.

Major Wilmot pitied her so much, that he soon learned to love her; and she was so grateful for the Major's pity, that she soon rewarded him with her affection.

It was not, however, till two years later, after many chances of war, and long intervals of absence, had tried the constancy of the contracted parties, that Lieutenant-Colonel Wilmot and Captain Stanisforth were married to the two sisters in the cathedral of Oporto, the ceremony being repeated by the English chaplain at the Protestant chapel, in the case of Wilmot and his bride.

The reader may be curious to know what became of Colonel Champlemonde. This brave and eccentric man retired to England, where he

subsisted for a while on a pension allowed him by the English government. But it was true that he had a wife and children in his own country, and, strange to say, he must have loved them well, though certainly not wisely.

We have seen him in the face of danger, and defiance of every restrictive principle, run away with one sister out of love for the other. After a few months' impatient residence in England, he took as bold a step in a better cause, but with a more fatal result. He could not, or would not, live in exile without his family, and therefore ventured into France, with the determination of bringing them off to the British coast. He was a person too remarkable, perhaps, and too well known in his own country, to have evaded the police; but he was so unfortunate as to encounter the ruffian soldier of our first chapter, Pierre Duval, by whom he was instantly denounced. He was arrested, and shot as a conspirator and deserter to the enemy. He died with fortitude, and betrayed no friend.

Having brought my heroines to that point, matrimony, where all interest about them ceases

with the generality of novel-readers, I shall not pursue their history further, though the deeper moral lies beyond the altar. Whether these two natives of a southern clime, when removed to the cold north, though under the protection of good and gallant men, throve in that new soil, might be a subject worthy of examination. Whether the habits and the education of Portuguese ladies, so different from those of the English, were likely to make their husbands happy, might also be questioned. In general, such unions are incongruous, and terminate in mutual disappointments and regrets.

But perhaps there was in the two ladies of whom we now take leave an earnest spirit of love, an aptitude to learn, and a ductility of manners, which soon naturalized them to new scenes and customs, remote from that forgotten valley where their parents slept in peace long before Leonora and Francisca abandoned their own shores for the home of the stranger.

THE ROYALIST.

A Story of the Alps.



His form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision.

CHILDE HAROLD.

THE ROYALIST.

CHAPTER I.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO EINSIEDELN.

As it befell,
One summer morning we had walked abroad,
Joanna and myself.

WORDSWORTH.

JOANNA, a daughter of one of the few gentlemen resident in the democratical Canton of Glaris, was the prettiest and wildest of Roman Catholic Swiss maidens. For the thousand freaks of mischief which she was perpetually confessing to the priest and as often repeating, she was at last enjoined by the ghostly father to make a pilgrimage on foot from her parents' house at Mollis to the altar of Our Lady of the Hermits, at the Convent of Einsiedeln. Ignatia, her elder sister, a devout and sedate young person, volunteered to be her companion.

Accordingly, on the thirteenth of September, 1808, the day before the grand Festival of the Virgin, they were awakened at sunrise for the purpose of commencing their pious expedition. Joanna complained that it was too early, and declared that she must have more sleep; but, on Ignatia's reminding her that Mollis was eight leagues (or four German miles) from Einsiedeln, and that they must that day walk seven leagues to the Chapel of Saint Meinrad, on Mount Etzel, she unwillingly got up, and dressed herself in the costume of the peasantry of the canton — a humiliation to which the young lady submitted without much reluctance, because she thought the dress becoming.

Before their departure, Ignatia contented herself with a little dry bread, deeming it right to fast on such an occasion; but Joanna would not stir before she had regaled herself with coffee, milk, and honey, and whatever else she could get, to make a substantial morning meal, protesting that she had no idea of setting out to walk seven leagues without her breakfast: she also laid by from her breakfast-table a little store

of almonds, figs, and filberts, to amuse her on the way—at all which naughtiness her sister Ignatia was much disconcerted.

In going through the town, they had to pass near the priest's house, which was a snug little mansion, pleasantly embowered, and fenced off from the road. No sooner had they approached it, than Joanna, without any notice to her sister, who might have thwarted her intention, unlatched the green wicket-gate, ran up the path that divided the little front flower-garden, and inflicted a loud and obstreperously long knocking on the house-door; while Ignatia stood in the road, with her face averted, in very shame, at the girl's rudeness.

There was presently a stir within. Dame Dorcas, a middle-aged housekeeper, came growling to the door, and the huge round rubicund visage of the priest, surmounted with a black nightcap, was seen protruding through the casement above.

“Who are you? whence come you? and what do you require at this unseasonable hour?” asked the old man, gruffly.

“Father,” replied Joanna, in the gentlest tone and with the profoundest curtsey, “I think it proper that your reverence should witness my cheerful obedience to your orders: you see I am setting out on the penance you prescribed me.”

“Go, go, you intolerable child! I did not prescribe myself any such penance as being roused at this hour by a senseless clatter. Go, and learn better manners.”

The casement was hastily closed.

“Ha, ha, ha! let us go and learn better manners, my dear Ignatia!” said the merry maiden; and away they went.

The first part of their walk lay through a long slip of green valley, between the two limpid streams that run into the Lake of Wallenstadt. Here Joanna, before they had proceeded half a league, insisted on stopping to bathe. In vain the reasonable Ignatia represented to her the imprudence of immersion in cold water so immediately after her impenitential breakfast, besides the loss of time that it would occasion. Joanna maintained that the ceremony of ablution was a more suitable preparation for a holy pilgrimage

than fasting, and that, in such a case, her health was no more likely to receive injury than an infant to catch cold at his christening from having his head drenched with holy water ; and, having speedily disencumbered herself of her clothes, she flounced into the Linth like a wild swan, creating a splash that wet poor Ignatia quite through her dress, at which the giddy fool laughed till she herself was almost drowned.

Joanna continued dabbling in the water like a duckling for half an hour, during which period the good Ignatia was like a distressed hen, watching its amphibious charge from the water's edge. The approach of a large wolf-hound suddenly warned them that some person was in all probability coming, and Joanna rushed to the bank to take her clothes ; but she was too late to secure her stockings ; the dog seized them in his mouth, and scampered back at full gallop, leaving the pilgrim in rather a ridiculous dilemma, crouching on the brink of a river behind a low bush, by which she was only half hidden.

Ignatia lost not a moment in assisting her to

put on her raiment; and presently the owner of the dog came up with the stray stockings in his hand, and with a countenance of the most comical expression, between waggery and wonder. To crown their confusion, he proved to be a young person of the neighbouring town of Wesen, and one of Ignatia's particular admirers, known by the designation of "Bashful Boyardo," from his remarkable coyness and habit of blushing in the presence of ladies.

It not unfrequently happens that young gentlemen, who are modest and respectful almost to awkwardness and stupidity when in the company of females of their own condition in life, have a double share of effrontery before women of humble station. Bashful Boyardo was one of these shy, sly, and saucy hypocrites. Not at all suspecting that the individual who stood, with averted head, on the river's brink, in a rustic dress, was the very Ignatia, before whose awful eyes he was wont to sigh, and blush, and blunder, and as little aware that it was the dreaded young satirist, Joanna, who was so quaintly huddled behind the leaves, he addressed him-

self, both with words and looks, without the least compunction, to the Naiad.

“ White-armed maiden of the stunted bush, come forth ! Fair daughter of the lymph, turn not to earth thy face ! Stand erect, bright river-deity, and look graciously on thy worshipper. Cold incumbent statue, art thou marble ? Mute treasure of the waters, art thou first cousin to the fishes, and is utterance denied thee ? ”

With this, and much more, impudent rhodomontade, he was running on in spite of Ignatia’s “ For the love of Heaven, sir, leave us ! for God’s sake, sir, go away ! ” when Joanna, perceiving that he was actually stepping over the hedge, and no longer able to restrain her passion, screamed out, “ Odious monster, begone ! Bashful Boyardo, you contemptible person, get out of my sight ! ”

Boyardo wished the mountains to cover him ; but, when Ignatia then turned round and showed her face, animated with shame and resentment, his dismay was inexpressible : he let fall Joanna’s stockings, and took to his heels, followed by his dog, who went in full chase after his scared mas-

ter; so that our bathing Diana, without metamorphosing her Acteon into a stag, caused him to be hunted by his own hound.

Joanna put on her stockings, and thoughtfully listened to a lecture from her sister as they proceeded on their way. But, as yet, it was not in her character to be serious long. She soon recovered from the embarrassment of the adventure enough to enjoy its absurdity at the expence of Ignatia and her admirer, Monsieur Boyardo. At one moment convulsed with laughter, at another assuming the most provoking mock gravity, she thus turned the tables upon her sister.

“ So, Saint Ignatia, there is one of your models of youth ! your proper young man ! your soft, discreet, delicate, bashful Boyardo ! The swain who deals in such tender dying looks, and stutters fragments of respectful phrases, and looks so artlessly *gauche*, and so interestingly ashamed, when Ignatia, pretty prude, rolls her cunning eyes at him, and covers him with amiable confusion ! But really, my good elder sister, you suffer yourself to be sadly deluded by this male creation. You have twenty admirers, and, though

there is not one of them who is not either a fool, or a rogue, or both, you have faith enough to believe them all perfection, and to take every syllable they utter for gospel. O the immaculate divinities! just as it serves their purpose, they woo or bluster, beseech or gasconade. Those who are not like your Boyardo are consequential boasting fops: they blazon forth their importance, and build castles in the air, as if they were omnipotent, making simple girls give credit to all sorts of fables. They tell them they are angels, bend their necks and knees before them, swear eternal constancy, and lay lime, traps, nets, all imaginable snares, for the credulous birds. They send them little gewgaws, and songs of wordy nonsense, and plaintive billets-doux on paper bordered with hearts and arrows, and fluttering cupids and billing pigeons. They give feasts, and dances, and plays. They cause miniatures of their mistresses to be painted and set in gold and pearls, and guarded in silk and morocco cases, and wear them in their bosoms. They moan and groan and look sideways; wink, blink, and twinkle about their eyes in all varieties of tender ways,

and make grimaces like sick monkeys. Then the wretches will absolutely pretend to cry when they think they can gain anything by it. So they entice their prey, and fair damsels suspect no treason, and the poor silly insects fly into the webs of the spiders, and there the Lord have mercy on them ! But I am not so easily caught. I have not, young as I am, watched their ways at Zurich and Lucerne for nothing. They are sly, but so am I. I play the amiable with these youths, and put on a pretty face to them, and pay them the tribute of as many smiles and simpers as their vanity exacts : but all this is only for my own pastime, and to hear what is going on, and to jest and flirt and dance, which are all very pleasant, and to make them give rural parties on the mountains, and boat-parties on the lakes, and teaze their mothers to invite us to balls and card-assemblies and routs, cakes and candied fruit and sugarplums and marmalade. Bnt as for their wiles and flatteries, I understand them well.

Di certi giovani
Conosco l'arte,
Ed in vano tentano
Di far la a mi."

“ In the name of Saint Eberhard !” now interposed Ignatia, “ what are you about, Joanna? Singing such profane frivolous stuff when you are on a pilgrimage ! Do take out your beads, and count your Ave-Marias.”

Having crossed the Linth, and passed near the town of Nafels and the foaming waterfall behind it, and through the villages of Urnen and Bilten, Ignatia could not help secretly congratulating herself on having got her companion so far, for it really was no easy matter to get her on at all. She would stop to gather wild flowers to make a bouquet, as an offering at the altar of the Virgin, and then would throw them away, saying, they would be withered before she could present them. Having met a peacock near a farm-house, nothing would induce her to proceed till she had squandered much time in admiration of the vain bird's beauty.

“ See, sister,” she cried, “ how honestly he shows his charms ! See how he struts about, and dances a minuet in the sun ! Look at his tufted head, and scarlet-circled eyes, and long shining purple neck, and superb breast ! and

then, his tail ! Oh the divine, spreading, fanlike tail, with its shooting colours ! Now, really, this sight affords me genuine satisfaction. Look, look at his magnificent airs ! See, sister, how well I can imitate him !”

With that, she began the most fantastic capers round the peacock, till the frightened bird folded up his train and ran away, at which she was highly diverted, and exclaimed : “ There he goes, Ignatia, there he goes, like your bashful Boyardo !”

“ Truly,” said the wise Ignatia, “ I am shocked by your indecorum. How could you stop to make such a fuss with a paltry peacock ? His discordant scream and his clumsy feet might teach you a lesson on the imperfection of all earthly beauty.”

“ Yes, my dear Ignatia,” answered the incorrigible Joanna, “ but his running away, as your lover did this morning, is a proof of his modesty.”

Presently, being attracted by the tinkling of bells from a numerous herd of small cattle that were grazing on the hills, she declared it would

be a laudable piece of voluntary penance to go and take the trouble of counting how many of the animals there were, and off she ran for the purpose. Unluckily, the very first heifer that she was approaching suddenly whisked round her long tail, which swept across the pretty pilgrim's eyes and almost blinded her; and just at the same moment the cowherd's cur came snapping at her heels, at which she was so irate that she instantly gave him chase; but, in her hurry after the offender, she tumbled down and made her nose bleed.

These hoiden accidents put her so whimsically out of humour with all the tribes of four-footed beasts, and the horned tribe especially, that, soon afterwards, meeting a bull on the road, she picked a quarrel with him for not getting out of her way, and attacked him with a stick. The beast, who, fortunately, was dull and tame, stood stupidly still before her for a minute, insensible to all her mock-anger, and then passed on with profound indifference; by which movement he brought his shoulder in contact with his assailant, who was left sprawling on the ground.

Ignatia, who had not been able to refrain from laughing at her sister's absurdity, was now frightened, and hastened to her assistance ; but, finding her not seriously hurt, she preached to her a severe sermon, which Joanna, who was puffing with indignation at her discomfiture by the bull, was perhaps as little in the mood to profit by as to answer. As soon, however, as she came to one of the fresh fountains with which every part of Switzerland abounds, she at once washed away her ill humour and the spots from her face, and was as ready for new frolics as if the mortifying adventures with bashful Boyardo and the cow, the cur, and the bull, had never happened.

Ignatia's task was very much like that of a pigdriver with a mutinous pig: her sister would go every way but the right way. Ignatia had, however, enough address and perseverance to get her as far as Reichenberg. There Joanna complained of being tired, and protested that she would go no farther on foot.

Vain was all the pious rhetoric of Ignatia. She was obliged to yield, and to hire a *char-a-bancs* to carry them, by Shubelbach and Galgannen, to the foot of Mount Etzel.

At the foot of Etzel they alighted, and began to ascend the mountain. Crosses, small oratories ornamented with images, artificial flowers, and sacred paintings, and crowds of little clamorous urchins soliciting charity for the love of the blessed Mary, now made it impossible, even for Joanna, to forget that they were approaching the holy Einsiedeln, the Loretto of Switzerland.

Joanna distributed her money as long as she had any to give, after which she found the importunity so troublesome that she battled her way on, frowning, scolding, or even boxing the ears of the little petitioners, in a most unpilgrim-like fashion.

Near the top of Mount Etzel is the beautiful chapel of Saint Meinrad, and contiguous to it is a large inn. On their arrival here, Ignatia led her sister into the chapel, where they both knelt before the altar. But Joanna, after whispering a few prayers, observing Ignatia to be earnestly occupied in her's, silently detached herself from her side, and stole away into the inn.

Ignatia, until she had ended her devotions, was not aware of Joanna's evasion, and she then

felt a momentary alarm; but, suspecting the truth, she hastened to the inn, where she discovered the deserter placidly seated near a warm stove in a large bedroom, (a private sitting-room being out of the question at such a time) with all the preparation for a good supper on a table near her.

“ You have come exactly in time, my dear Ignatia,” said she: “ I have just mixed the salad, and you will, in a moment, have soup, roasted pigeons, a veal ragout, and some trout that were caught this morning near Teuffel’s Brucken.”

Ignatia was scandalized, but she was also hungry, for *she* had fasted. The supper was served, and both the fair pilgrims sociably partook of it, after which they retired, excessively fatigued, to bed, where Ignatia was rewarded for her good conduct through the day by a sweet, profound, and refreshing sleep.

Joanna, though not so well entitled to favour from Our Lady of the Hermits, towards whose shrine she had hitherto been so indifferent a pilgrim, was not denied the same blessing. She, perhaps, thought the merit of her sister effica-

cious enough to lighten her offences; for the levities of which she had been guilty in the course of the day did not weigh more heavily on her bosom than the light eiderdown coverlet under which she reposed in Ignatia's arms till daylight.

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